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TWO WHOLE SHEETS } SIXPENCE.
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"BLANCHE."—PICTURE BY EISMAN-SELENOWSKY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A medical paper tells us, what is very comforting to those who have passed the heyday (or hay day) of life, that "the best half of existence is, at forty, in front of a man." I wish this scientific authority could have postponed its cheerful assurance to even a later date, but, even as it stands, it will surprise most people. Name and fame have in most cases, it is true, to be acquired, but the general view has hitherto been that

The myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, however so plenty.

A doctor, however, it seems, finds at forty, "in the study of one of the organs of the human body, a pleasure and enlightenment it never yielded before." Everyone, it is said, is "either a fool or a physician at forty," but we are "mostly"—well, not physicians. It is more generally satisfactory to learn that "the trained intellect no longer sees men as trees walking, and that the trained temper does not rush at work like a blind bull at a haystack." One has known, however, many young people who do not rush at work, but even quite the contrary; and, upon the whole, with all deference to Science, most persons at forty would prefer to be two-and-twenty.

Nevertheless, if we were given the chance of living our lives over again, but few of us would take it. There is a certain sense of "having had enough of it" in most men who have arrived at maturity, and "on the indented plain the self-same track to mark again" would be intolerable to them. Independent of theological apprehensions, there is, of course, a disinclination for complete change: "I would rather stay at Tresham" (his family seat) was a remark of the dying nobleman that finds a pathetic echo in the breast of every man (who is equally comfortable in his circumstances); but the idea of monotony is still more disagreeable. The mistake some old gentlemen make is the endeavour to extract pleasure from the same sources from which they derived it in youth. It is like that kind of champagne which is produced after the grapes have been used up, or the third edition of an illustrated book, of which the plates are worn out. It is life at second-hand.

The Manchester Diocesan Conference has been much exercised in its mind as regards the lawfulness of whist. One spiritual lord confesses that he is addicted to the game, but adds, not without a touch of pride, that in his case there is an intellectual pleasure in it, which supplies the excitement that in others can only be aroused by having "money on it." What possible motive, he inquires, rather inconsistently, can there be for preferring a stake except covetousness, "which is of the Devil"? A minor canon deferentially observes that "accuracy" may be a motive, since when people play "for love" it is his experience that they "do not try." Another canon admits that, though himself convinced of the heinousness of the practice, he cannot persuade his friends that it is wicked to play whist for threepenny points. It is curious that it struck nobody to quote the great moralist Dr. Johnson upon the point, who, though he abhorred gambling, thought that playing cards for absolutely nothing was a sheer waste of time. The fact is, as I have more than once ventured to observe upon this burning question, that the true definition of gambling is the playing for more than we can afford, when the game, whatever it is, can no longer be considered a relaxation. The denouncers of threepenny points are in the same boat (though not on the sea of "liquor") as those who see an equal sin in taking a glass of claret with one's dinner, and a bottle of brandy after breakfast. No amount of "Conferences" will teach such persons common-sense.

The uses of a plate for "calling" cards have not hitherto been discovered. We may lay the card of our one "dear Duchess" upon the top of the rest for years (cleaning it carefully with bread crumbs), and yet not get another caller to notice it. The only approach to utility of which we have any social record is in the case of the Irish gentleman of the olden time (but by no means of the old type) who, when the officers of the neighbouring garrison town came to dine with him, produced his card-plate, and handed back to every man the "pasteboard" he had previously left at the house, with "These will 'do again,' and be useful to you, gentlemen, whereas they can confer no sort of benefit on me." It was nice and thoughtful in him, though, as often happens, his consideration was not appreciated. But at last the use of a card-plate, or rather of keeping its contents, has been found. A "gentleman's gentleman"—the late valet of a well-known nobleman—is going about with the cards left on his master, and giving them up, one at a time, as his own when he finds himself in any little trouble. It is probable that he has eliminated from the collection Bishops' cards, because his appearance, though aristocratic, is not ecclesiastical. His last performance—when caught travelling first-class on the Brighton line, with three ladies of his (casual) acquaintance, all with third-class tickets—was to tender the card of a late Cabinet Minister in justification of his conduct. It was accepted as an explanation in full, and there seems no reason why he should not travel in luxury at a cheap rate so long—if he only plays them judiciously—as his cards hold out. But, in the meantime, the character of the aristocracy suffers, which in these days it cannot afford to do.

A lady who went by invitation to dine with another lady, and was bitten by her pet dog, has brought an action against her hostess, and recovered fifty pounds damages. Of the rights or wrongs of this particular case I have nothing to say, but it seems to open a very agreeable vista with respect to the compensation of guests. They suffer a good many things, though they may escape being bitten by dogs. They are often kept waiting for their dinners, in defiance of contract, because people to whom the host owes money, or are in a higher position than himself, do not keep their appointment, and he dare not sit down without them. Besides the abominable

inconvenience, this often causes a serious injury to the digestion, for which, hitherto, there has been no redress. Again, some hosts give you such vile wine as produces a headache which incapacitates you for business the next morning, for which, up to this time, no pecuniary remuneration has ever been obtained. How often, too, have we been asked to meet this and that person (perhaps even Royalty itself) at a man's house, to find nobody there (who is anybody), and obtained no material satisfaction for the false pretence! After this precedent of the snapping dog, let us hope that the laws of hospitality will be vindicated in these other matters.

The curiosity of the Americans is increasing. One of them, the *Daily News* tells us, has been writing to all sorts of eminent persons—what he calls "brainy men"—to ask their opinion of women. This strikes one as a large order, but they seem to have undertaken it with a light heart. The inquiry—certainly not a "gallant" one—apparently has its origin in the general impression in the great Republic that women have become spoilt by too much attention and flattery. Only a few weeks ago there was an indictment against the sex in an American review as respects good manners, the acknowledgement of civilities, and the like. They take every self-sacrifice, it said, as a matter of course, and never say so much as "Thank you" for anything. This sounds a little hard, and it must be considered that, in the case of strangers, a young lady cannot be very effusive in return for a politeness, because there are a good many male scoundrels in the world only too ready to mistake gratitude for encouragement. Still, the sacrifices at the shrine of the fair sex seem to have been overdone, and been taken too much as a matter of course. It is complained of the American novel that a girl is made too much the pivot on which everything revolves, and that she becomes, in real life, exacting and egotistic in consequence. There seems now some danger of things going altogether the other way. The answers from those who have been consulted on this very large question are, on the whole, unsatisfactory. They give the impression that many of the "eminent persons" have given up their seats in the tram car "to oblige a lady," in wet weather, and caught cold in consequence, without adequate compensation. We may dismiss the remark of one gentleman, that "women make very bad speculators," though intended to be uncomplimentary, as not detracting from their merits: one would be sorry, rather than otherwise, to hear that they distinguish themselves in that line. But there are more serious allegations. One really great writer confesses that "he has not much toleration for women." This is severe indeed, but perhaps he means that his books are more admired by men than women. Thackeray expressed much the same opinion of the fair sex, though in other words, and for the same reason. Their want of humour, which we all admit, was particularly distasteful to him. What they especially resent is the introduction of it in affairs of the heart. These, of course, are often full of fun; but to point that out is resented by lady readers as sacrilegious. Hence, I suspect, this want of "toleration." Yet, after all, there are none to whom the fair sex owe so much as to English and American novelists. Though the French ones have less humour, they certainly do not lay them under the same obligations. Let us hope this cloud is but transitory, and will blow over. Of one thing, at all events, women may feel secure—and it is a confidence that very few of us can entertain—that the world cannot go on without them.

A policeman's life, the poet has told us, is not a happy one; but there now seems a probability of its having at least one consolation. In the sacred cause of order he has often been martyred, but hitherto he has never been canonised; this is actually going to be done—so far, at least, as being put in a painted window can do it. A stained-glass window in the Beecher Memorial Church has been subscribed for exclusively by "the Force," and "whatever design may be chosen," says the *Brooklyn Eagle*, "there will have to be a policeman in it." This is certainly not one of the things of which it can be said, "There is no new thing under the sun." One is curious to know how the artist in glass will "treat" his policeman, who has certainly never been treated (at least, in connection with this sort of glass) before. Will his helmet have a halo round it? Will his staff be in his hand or in his pocket? He will, of course, have the garter on his arm to show he is on duty. His lantern will probably be lit. Upon consideration, he "lends himself to illustration" better than one would have imagined upon the first blush of that painted window. As for his being a little stiff and Noah's-Arky, that is a failing common to most persons that have been immortalised in stained glass.

It is a comfort in these days, when records of men of letters often come to light by no means to their advantage, to read such a Journal as that of Sir Walter Scott. It takes out the taste such unsavoury traits as have lately been served up of Shelley and Carlyle. There is little egotism and no jealousy in it. It discloses human weakness indeed, where one would have hoped not to find it; the low desire of laying field to field in a nature that should have been superior to it; for it was not through modesty, but a want of sense of comparison, that Scott thought little of his own genius, and much of rank and social position, and which caused him even to depreciate his own calling, and set a value upon wine-glasses which had been drunk out of by George IV. But, after all, what a whole-souled, generous, manly fellow he was, and how grandly he bore himself when his great prosperity fell to pieces like a house of cards, and he lost everything but honour! "I experience," he writes when the crash came, "a sort of determined pleasure in confronting the very worst aspect of this sudden reverse... In standing in the breach that has overtaken my fortunes, and saying: Here I stand at least an honest man.... I am not conscious of having borne a grudge towards any man, and at this moment of my overthrow, so help me God, wish well and kindly to everyone. If I thought that any of my works contained a sentence hurtful to any

one's feelings, I would burn it." These are noble words to set down in a private diary on the day after a complete catastrophe. But what strikes one most of all is the presentiment he had of it when there was not a cloud the size of a man's hand in his sky. Like the king of old, he felt he had been too fortunate, and was apprehensive of some unseen Nemesis. "For my own course of life, I have only to be ashamed at its prosperity and afraid of its termination; for I have little reason, arguing on the doctrine of chances, to hope that the same good fortune will attend me for ever.... Should things, therefore, change with me, I trust I shall be able to surrender these adventurous advantages, as I would my upper dress; as something extremely comfortable, but which I can make shift to do without." This feeling of compensating disaster was shared by every reader of his "Life" by Lockhart: they knew, however, what was coming, the very form that his ruin would take; and, delightful as the book was, it marred their enjoyment of it, as the foreknowledge of "a bad ending" shadows the interest of a great fiction. To men of mature age, the publication of this last Journal revives that feeling in a remarkable and quite unparalleled manner. No record of any other man could probably do it. That is "How it strikes a Contemporary," one at least who was near enough to his time to share the universal interest that was felt in his fate. How this book is received will be to some extent a reply to the debated question, "Is Walter Scott forgotten?" For never was a man whose personality was so associated with his literary fame.

In a medical journal I read some curious particulars of hospital experiences at Pekin. The Chinese are not only indifferent to the pain of their fellow-creatures, but even to their own pain, which, in comparison with the gratification of a proper pride, is as naught—though one cannot say as vanity itself, for their vanity is overwhelming. For example, in order to show his superiority to physical suffering, a cook chopped off four of his own fingers, and then (perhaps) put his thumb to his nose. He was undergoing "treatment" for this imprudence when the mail left. It was not a tribal triumph, as in the case of the North American Indian; but a piece—four pieces—of personal vainglory. On the other hand, these egotists are very filial. A youth was brought to the hospital who had removed the calf of his leg to make soup (mock turtle?) for his invalid father—"a very unusual circumstance," we are told, "even in a hospital report."

The natives of the Flowery Land, though sublimely careless of what happens to their fellow-countrymen (except their fathers) while alive, are extraordinarily solicitous about burying one another respectfully. The labour contract of every coolie emigrant expressly stipulates that, in case of death, his body shall be carried back to China, and suitably interred. It is satisfactory to reflect that in this country there is no such inconsistency. That none ever

Press to the funeral array
Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow,
Nor bailiffs e'er seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall may be held up by nobles to-morrow.

Still, there have been cases within my knowledge when some very fine wreaths have been laid upon some very poor coffins.

THE COURT.

Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, Nov. 9, by the Rev. J. R. Middleton, of Glenmuick, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and of her Majesty's household. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and the Rev. J. R. Middleton subsequently dined with the Queen. On the 10th the Queen paid a visit to the distant Wilds of Glenderry, in the shade of Ben MacDhu. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Louise, occupied an open carriage, which proceeded from Balmoral by Mar Lodge and the Linn of Dee to Glenderry. The Royal party passed through Braemar on the return to Balmoral. In the evening Mrs. Annie Grey had the honour of singing before Her Majesty and the Royal family.

The Prince of Wales concluded his visit to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, M.P., at Waddesdon Manor, Bucks, on Nov. 6, and returned to London in the afternoon. Next day he proceeded by the 2.35 Great Eastern train from St. Pancras to King's Lynn, and thence by special train to Wolferton. Sandringham House was reached about six o'clock. By a happy coincidence, the principal event at the Norfolk home of the Prince of Wales on the 9th was the reopening, after enlargement, of the church of St. Mary Magdalene. The service in the morning was attended by his Royal Highness and the Princess of Wales, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, Princesses Victoria and Maud, together with the guests staying at Sandringham. The 9th was the forty-ninth anniversary of his Royal Highness's birthday, and there were the usual festivities at Sandringham. The Prince and Princess entertain a succession of visitors at Sandringham until the 17th. His Royal Highness has caused a letter to be written to a friend of the Salvation Army, requesting him to convey his thanks to General Booth for his volume "In Darkest England," in the perusal of which he says he cannot fail to be interested. The Duke of Fife also expresses his warm sympathy with the scheme, and gives £100 towards it.—Prince George of Wales and the other officers of the North American Squadron were entertained at a farewell dinner at Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the eve of their departure for Bermuda.

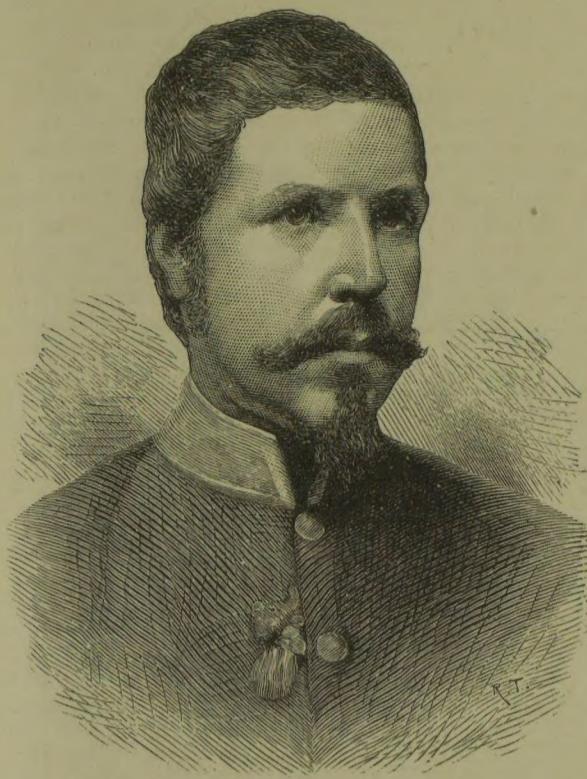
The Duke of Edinburgh has decided not to go to Berlin for the Royal wedding, and his Royal Highness will therefore remain on duty at Devonport until the middle of December. The Duke is to join the Duchess and their family at Coburg a few days before Christmas. On the 10th the Duke dined with the Earl of Mount-Edgecumbe, High Steward of her Majesty's household, at Edgecumbe House.

Prince Henry of Battenberg arrived at Windsor on the 8th, and went out shooting in the Great Park. The weather was fine and the sport good. On the 10th, accompanied by Lord Bateman, he left London for Long Melford, Suffolk, where, in company with the Duke of Cambridge, he enjoyed a few days' shooting as the guest of Major-General Sir Henry Ewart.

Mr. S. B. Bancroft announces that he will give £1000 towards General Booth's scheme for bettering the condition of the very poorest classes, provided ninety-nine other persons will do the same.

THE LATE ARCHDUKE JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

There seems now to be little doubt of the unfortunate death of a Prince of that branch of the Imperial House of Hapsburg-Lorraine which formerly reigned over the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, previously to the Italian revolutions of 1859. The Archduke John, who a year ago renounced his Imperial rank and assumed the name of Johann Orth, had chosen the life of a sailor, and was captain of a merchant vessel, the Santa



THE ARCHDUKE JOHN OF AUSTRIA

(CAPTAIN JOHANN ORTH), LOST WITH HIS SHIP IN A VOYAGE FROM MONTEVIDEO TO VALPARAISO.

Margareta, on the coasts of South America. It is stated that Captain Johann Orth contracted a marriage in London last spring with an opera-dancer named Milly Stubel, and that this lady sailed with him in the Santa Margareta from Monte Video, on July 11, bound for Valparaiso. His first officer, named Sodich, was seriously ill, another of his officers was so inexperienced that he had to be left behind, and the second mate had been dismissed. He would have, therefore, to round Cape Horn without any officers at all, but his crew consisted of twenty-six men, all experienced sailors from the Austro-Hungarian marine, and the Santa Margareta, a strong, well-built vessel, was well found in every respect, having bread for one year, and meat and other necessaries for eight months. She ought to have arrived at Valparaiso about Sept. 1; if not founded, the vessel is either in Patagonia or in the Straits of Magellan, or at Staten Island. In that case, no news can be had of her for another two months, as repairs are made very slowly in that region. But it is known that violent cyclones raged in those latitudes in the first days of August, precisely the time when it is calculated that the vessel must have been passing Staten Island, the most dangerous point. A number of vessels are known to have foundered during the hurricane.

The Archduke John, third and youngest son of Leopold II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, was born in 1850. He was but eight years old when his father was dethroned, and he received his education in Austria. While a subaltern in the army, he served with merit. Later, on attaining general's rank, he began to criticise Austrian military affairs with a freedom which often gave offence, and personal slights provoked him to throw his rank, titles, and decorations to the winds, in the hope that he might make a new career for himself by his own unaided talents. The Archduke's mother is terribly unnerved, and if the present uncertainty is prolonged is not likely to survive it. She is seventy-seven years of age.

Dr. Randall Davidson having been appointed Bishop of Rochester, Canon Eliot, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Bournemouth, succeeds him in the Deanery of Windsor.

We are requested to mention that Mr. Culleton, heraldic artist and engraver, of 25, Cranbourn-street, was the designer of the chain and badge supplied by the Goldsmiths' Company for presentation to Mr. Sheriff Augustus Harris.

Another anonymous promise of £1000 to the Church House Building Fund has been received by the secretary. This gives the Council £11,000 in hand towards the £20,000 which has to be raised by the end of this year, in order to comply with the stipulations contained in the anonymous letter read by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the annual meeting, and by Lord Egerton of Tatton, each of whom promised £1000.

The marriage of Sir Henry Hayes Lawrence, Bart., with Margaret, second daughter of the late Mr. Theodore Walron, C.B., took place on Nov. 10, in Christ Church, Lancaster-gate. Sir Henry was attended by Mr. E. D. Hildyard as best man; and the bride by six bridesmaids—namely, Miss Walron and Miss G. Walron, sisters of the bride; Miss M. Grenfell and Miss Lily Walron, her cousins; Miss Honor Lawrence, cousin of the bridegroom; and Miss Evelyn Trotter. The Bishop of Ripon performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. M. Walron, uncle of the bride; and the Rev. Charles Ridgeway, Vicar of Christ Church. Mr. Henry Walron, in the absence of his eldest brother, Mr. Riversdale Walron, in New Zealand, gave his sister away.

At the Birmingham City Council, on Nov. 10, the Mayor announced that Mr. George Frederick Muntz, of Umberslade, brother of the late Mr. Philip Henry Muntz, M.P., had founded a trust for the benefit of the Birmingham charities by investing £21,000, the annual income from which will be available for distribution among the various medical and surgical charities of the city. The Mayor is to be chairman of the trustees. The other gift was of still larger amount. Some time ago Mr. Richard Cadbury offered his house and extensive grounds at Moseley Hall, valued at £30,000, to the Midland Counties Sanitorium as a convalescent home, but that body finding there were insuperable difficulties in the way of their accepting the trust, Mr. Cadbury has now given the house and grounds to the Birmingham Children's Hospital, to be used as a convalescent home.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Chamber, on Nov. 8, disposed of the remaining Army Estimates, and also of the Judicial Estimates. M. Rouvier has communicated to the Budget Committee a statement estimating that there will be a surplus on the revenue and expenditure of the present year of 55,000,000 francs, or £2,200,000.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, with their suite, left Paris by train on the 9th for Chantilly, to lunch with the Duc d'Aumale, and returned to Paris in the evening.

General Von Caprivi and Signor Crispi waited upon the King of Italy at Monza on Nov. 8, and had the honour of dining with his Majesty and the Royal family. The German Chancellor left Milan next morning on his return to Berlin.

M. Melot has been appointed Minister of the Interior for Belgium, in place of M. Devolder, who has resigned.

The Anglo-Portuguese *modus vivendi*, it is stated, is for a period of six months. The Convention of Aug. 20 is withdrawn, and negotiations for a new treaty will take place in Lisbon.

The German Emperor has presented Dr. Koch with £50,000, in recognition of his services to humanity by his discovery of a cure for consumption, and also a further sum of like amount to enable him to endow an institute for the prosecution of his researches.

The Czarewitch arrived in Vienna on Nov. 6, and was most cordially greeted by the Emperor of Austria and the Archdukes, who met him at the station. After the banquet at the palace, the Czarewitch and the Emperor went to the opera and thence to the railway station, whence the Czarewitch started for Trieste.

Princess Marie of Orléans, wife of Prince Waldemar of Denmark, has given birth to a son at Copenhagen.—At the meeting of the Danish Royal Geographical Society on Nov. 6, the society's gold medal was presented to the Norwegian, Dr. Nansen, who explained the details of his scheme for a new Polar Expedition.

The Royal family of Greece visited the new ironclad Spezzai at the Piraeus on Nov. 8, and expressed great pleasure at inspecting so fine a ship of the Greek Navy. On the 9th the new Ministry were presented to the King, and took the oath of office. In opening the Parliament on the 10th the King, in his speech from the throne, said the new Cabinet was convinced of the expediency of returning to the old electoral system. They would spare no efforts to preserve an equilibrium in the national finances.

Sir H. Drummond Wolff on Nov. 8 paid a farewell visit to the Shah prior to his departure for England. His Majesty received the British Minister very graciously, and presented him with his portrait set in diamonds. The Shah has also thanked Dr. Odling for his exertions in Sir H. D. Wolff's case, and congratulated him upon their successful result. His Excellency has in every respect recovered, but the doctors recommend some months' abstention from work.

The triumph of the Democrats in the recent elections in the United States is far greater than had been anticipated, the result coming as an utter surprise. Their majority is now estimated at something over 150. Mr. McKinley was defeated by 421.—Mr. H. M. Stanley arrived at New York on the 5th.—Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien and the other Irish delegates addressed a meeting in Philadelphia on the 7th, under the presidency of Governor Beaver. Next day they arrived at Boston, where they met with an enthusiastic reception. They addressed two meetings there, and received subscriptions to the amount of over five thousand dollars. On the 10th, Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, and other Irish delegates, attended a reception in New York, the Governor presiding. Subscriptions to the amount of \$37,000 were collected towards what Mr. O'Brien described as the "fighting funds." It is stated that the delegates will visit Canada before returning to this country. According to a telegram from New York, the committee formed there for the relief of the famine in Ireland have temporarily withdrawn their appeal to the American people, on the ground that the British Government is taking steps to meet the crisis.—We learn from the annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture, just presented to the President of the United States, there has been a marked increase in the value of cereals and other produce, as compared with the previous year, and the economic legislation of the last session of Congress has directly benefited the farmers.—The work of utilising the Falls of Niagara for electric industrial purposes has been inaugurated, and the construction of the tunnel begun. The general plan of the undertaking is due to Mr. Evershed, engineer to the State of New York, who, unhappily, has not lived to see the operations begun.

The Governor-General of Canada in Council has conferred on Captain Edward Palliser, late of the 7th (The Queen's Own) Hussars, so well known in connection with his brother's (the late Sir William Palliser) inventions in ordnance and projectiles, the honorary rank of Major in the Canadian Militia, for "gallant service" during the suppression of the rebellion in Canada in 1885-6.

The British protectorate was proclaimed at Zanzibar on Nov. 7. The principal English officers visited the Sultan, and the flags of the two countries were hoisted amid the firing of salutes. The Queen has conferred the Grand Cross of the Star of India upon the Sultan, on the occasion of the assumption by her Majesty of a protectorate over his Highness's territories; and her Majesty has conferred a Knight-Commandership of the Bath upon Colonel C. B. Euan Smith, C.B., her Majesty's agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar.

Lord Connemara, Governor of Madras, has resigned, and his resignation has been accepted.

A telegram from Shanghai says that 300 persons have been killed by an explosion at the Government powder-mills at Taiping-Fu.

Mr. Justice Kay has accepted the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Lord Justice Cotton, and has been congratulated by the Lords Justices.

The plea of a defendant that the services of a dentist, who had attended him professionally on the Sabbath, came within the Sunday Observance Act, and that the fees could not therefore be recovered at law, has been overruled by the Westminster County Court Judge, who stigmatised it as a shabby defence.

Among the provincial Mayors elected on Nov. 10 was the Marquis of Bute, who has consented to act as Chief Magistrate for Cardiff during the ensuing year. The Marquis has announced his intention of handing over the salary granted by the Council, £750, to the Deputy Mayor. His Lordship also sent a donation of £50 to the Cardiff Infirmary.—At Bristol, Sir Charles Wathen was re-elected for the sixth time; and at Norwich, in consequence of the gentleman chosen declining to serve, the city is without a Mayor. The new Mayor of Manchester is Alderman Mark; of Liverpool, Mr. J. B. Morgan; and of Birmingham, Alderman Clayton.

THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION.

As Lord Mayor's Day fell this year on Sunday, the civic procession from the Guildhall to the Law Courts, where the Lord Mayor was sworn into office, took place on the following day. The order of procession presented some new and attractive features. After the mounted police, firemen, and certain of the City Companies came cars, each drawn by six horses, emblematical of the markets of the Corporation—namely, fruit and flowers, fish, game, and poultry, and one typical of the Central Market. This last car contained a group of shepherds and shepherdesses, surrounded by trophies, and accompanied by farm labourers. Then followed twenty carriages, containing survivors of the Crimean War, displaying appropriate banners, and accompanied by the pipers of the Scots Guards, and the bands of the Coldstream Guards, of the 2nd Life Guards, of the Corps of Commissionaires, and of the 1st Royal Warwickshire Regiment. The next car represented the Arts, the central figure being Music surrounded by the Nine Muses; after which came a car representing the Colonies—the figure of Australia, surrounded by figures emblematical of our other colonies, being supported on each side by heralds of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. The car was drawn by six horses, and accompanied by colonists and Indian mahouts. The Under-Sheriffs, Sheriffs, the late Lord Mayor, and the incoming Lord Mayor followed in their State carriages, with an escort of the 14th Hussars.

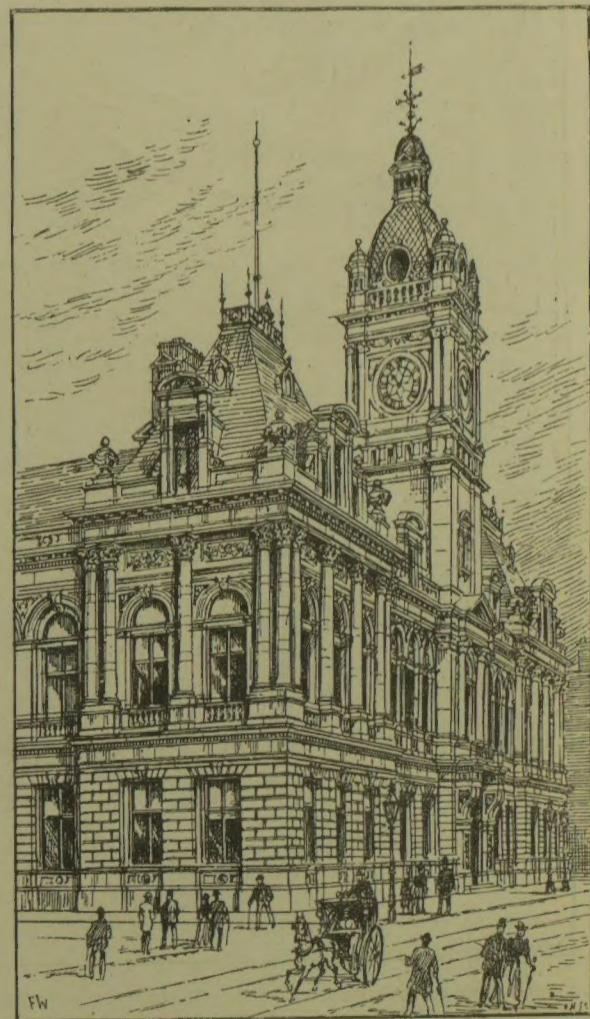
The weather was tolerably fine, and the passing of the show along Wood-street, Fore-street, Moorgate-street, Princes-street, past the Mansion House, and then through Cornhill, Leadenhall-street, Fenchurch-street, Cannon-street, St. Paul's-churchyard, Ludgate-hill, and Fleet-street, to the Law Courts, was witnessed by vast crowds. The Lord Mayor having taken the customary oath, the procession returned to the Guildhall by the Strand, Northumberland-avenue, the Embankment, Queen Victoria-street, and King-street. Decorations were abundantly displayed, and every window along the route was occupied.

In the evening, at the customary Guildhall banquet, the Marquis of Salisbury, who responded to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers," was the chief speaker. With regard to foreign affairs, he said that all the omens seem to point to peace, not only in Europe, but in reference to the work that had been going on in Africa. There the agreements with France and Germany were complete; he believed that the negotiations with Italy would be speedily carried to a successful issue; and those with Portugal were not in that happy condition—a fact partly due to the circumstances of the case—he did not think that they justified sinister apprehensions. Although the treaty with that Power had not yet been ratified, the Government had that day concluded a temporary arrangement for six months, which consecrated the territorial arrangements of last August, and left both parties absolutely free, when that term was over, to reconsider existing arrangements. Alluding to the McKinley Tariff, he said he was happy to know that the cause of Free Trade had won a victory, or an apparent victory, on the other side of the Atlantic; at all events, it was a protest against extravagant and selfish Protection. He concluded by expressing his conviction that whatever politicians might rule the country, in the City of London, at all events, they would always find a steady love of individual freedom, of Parliamentary honesty, and of Imperial integrity.

The Lord Chancellor, Mr. Goschen, and other Ministers spoke to other toasts.

MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, SUNDERLAND.

The buildings shown in our Illustration have been erected by the Municipal Corporation of Sunderland, for the accommodation of the public offices of that town. They were recently



THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, SUNDERLAND.

opened with the usual ceremony, the day being observed as a public holiday. A description of these buildings appeared at the time of laying the foundation-stone; the architect is Mr. Brightwen Binny, A.R.I.B.A., of Ipswich. The view in our Engraving is copied from a photograph taken by the Sunderland Photo Company, Mr. Charles Stabler, manager, 36, Fawcett-street, Sunderland.

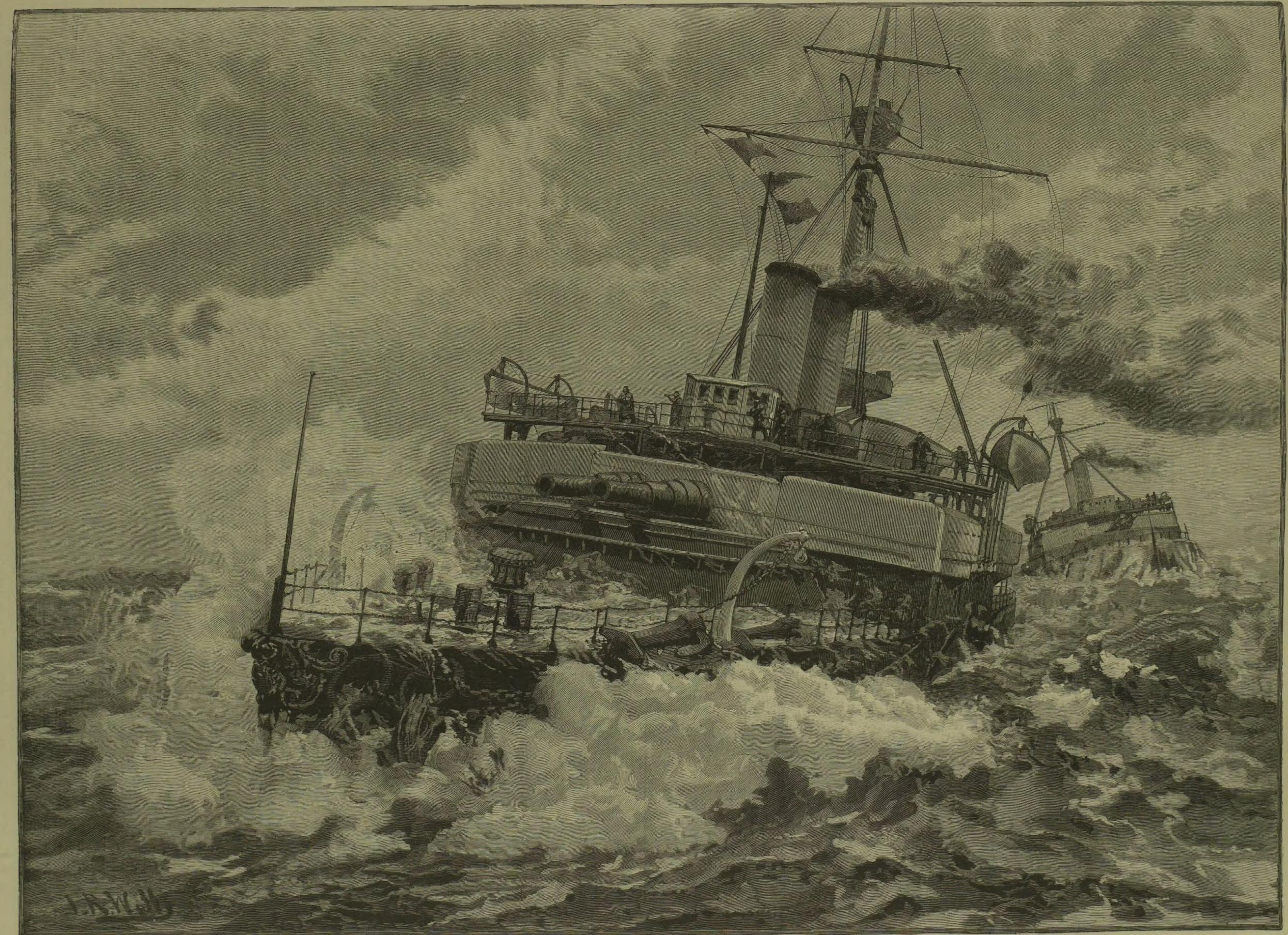


1. Brown receives an invitation from the Isaac-Waltons for a day's fishing, and is doubly pleased, as it is the height of his ambition to capture a salmon, and he will also meet the lovely Miss Isaac-Walton (whom he adores).
2. The only drawback is, that fellow Larkin (a hated rival) has also been asked. Brown, however, is sure he can show him a thing or two on the river.
3. Masters Tommy and Jack see their way to a little fun.

4. Brown (having had his attention distracted for a moment by the shouts of that young idiot Jack) finds he has got hold of a monster. It has got among some partially submerged bushes on the opposite bank, and is making desperate efforts to escape.
5. The monster salmon.
6. Line broken: The despair of Brown.
7. Brown (who is slightly imaginative) is describing his long struggle with the biggest salmon he ever saw, which, however, he played with consummate skill, until just when victory was within his

grasp a sharp edged stone must have severed the line—(N.B. That fellow Larkin hadn't even a rise.)

8. When that young scoundrel Tommy (her brother) says he wants to return a fly he borrowed, Brown is glad to know that the scamp was punished for his impudence, but still that doesn't make amends for the vulgar sneer on Larkin's face, and a young lady should have known better than to laugh at an idiotic joke. Brown to this day asserts that Larkin got it up.



BATTLE-SHIP OF THE "ADMIRAL" CLASS IN HEAVY WEATHER.

OBITUARY.

SIR CHARLES W. BLUNT, BART.

Sir Charles William Blunt, sixth Baronet, of Heathfield Park, and Ringmer, Sussex, M.A., died on Nov. 5, in his eightieth year. He was eldest son of Mr. Richard Charles Blunt, second son of Sir Charles William Blunt, Bart., by Elizabeth, his wife, sister and heiress of Sir Richard Peers-Symons, Bart., and succeeded his cousin, Sir Walter Blunt, fifth Bart., in 1874. He was J.P. and D.L. for Sussex, and served as High Sheriff of Sussex in 1873. He was a barrister of the Middle Temple, and at one time (1859) unsuccessfully contested Lewes.

LADY EMLY.

The Right Hon. Bertha, Baroness Emily, whose death is announced, was youngest daughter of the Count de Montigny de Boulainvilliers, of the great French house of Montigny de Perreux, and was married in 1857 to Colonel William Monsell of Tervoe, now Lord Emily, Lord Lieutenant county Limerick, by whom she leaves one son, the Hon. Gaston Monsell, State Stewart to Earl Cowper when the Viceroy of Ireland, and one daughter, Mary Olivia Augusta, wife of Edmund de la Poer of Gurteen le Poer, formerly M.P. for the county of Waterford.

THE HON. MRS. CHARLES GREY.

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Grey, Extra Bedchamber Woman to the Queen, and a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, died at her residence in St. James's Palace, on Nov. 4. She was born in 1814, Caroline Eliza, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Harvie Farquhar, Bart., and was married, in 1836, to General the Hon. Charles Grey, Private Secretary to the Queen, brother of the Prime Minister, Earl Grey. This lamented lady leaves issue: Albert Henry George Grey, late M.P. for Tyneside; Sybil Mary, wife of the Duke of St. Albans; Victoria Alexandrina, wife of the Hon. Lewis Pagan Dawnay; Louis Jane, Countess of Antrim; and Mary Caroline, Viscountess Melgund. The funeral service took place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on Friday, the 7th. The coffin was entirely covered with floral emblems of regard. The Queen sent two—one of yellow immortelles, with the words "A mark of affection from Victoria R.I."; the other, of palm and white flowers, with the inscription "A mark of loving friendship."

MR. LUCY OF CHARLECOTE.

Mr. Henry Spencer Lucy of Charlecote, in the county of Warwick, High Sheriff in 1857, died at Weald Hall, Essex, on Nov. 6. He was born Nov. 28, 1830, the son of Mr. George Lucy, M.P., of Charlecote, by Mary Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Sir John Williams, Bart., of Bodelwyddan, and was educated at Christ Church, Oxford. He represented the Lucys of Charlecote, being in direct descent from Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, satirised by Shakespeare as "Justice Shallow." He married in 1865, Christina, eldest daughter of Mr. Alexander Campbell of Monzie, in Perthshire, and had four daughters. Mr. Spencer Lucy was for several years Master of the old Warwickshire pack of harriers, and the ardour and liberality with which he led them are well remembered by Warwickshire fox-hunters. As he has left no male issue, the estates devolve on his brother, Mr. Edmund Berkeley Lucy.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Samuel Holmes, M.A., Senior Canon Residentiary of Ripon Cathedral.

The Hon. Maynard Brodhurst, Bengal Civil Service, a Puisne Judge of the High Court, North-West Provinces, India, on Oct. 30, at Bournemouth, in his sixty-second year.

The Hon. Frances Mary Chenevix Trench, widow of the late Most Rev. Richard Chenevix French, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin, and sister of Frederick Mason Trench, second Lord Ashtown, on Nov. 5, aged eighty-three, leaving a large family.

Mrs. Luckock (Margaret Emma), wife of the Rev. Herbert Mortimer Luckock, D.D., Canon of Ely, and second daughter of Mr. Samuel Henry Thompson, J.P. and D.L., of Thingwall Hall, near Liverpool, on Nov. 6, at Ely, of typhoid fever, aged forty-six.

Lady Smith (Sarah), wife of Sir Smith Child, Bart., of Newfield, in the county of Stafford, formerly M.P. for that county, on Nov. 5, at Stallington Hall, in her seventy-eighth year. She was daughter and heiress of Mr. Richard Clarke Hill of Stallington Hall, was married, Jan. 28, 1835, and had two sons and one daughter.

The Tichborne claimant is at present engaged as a barman in a public-house in Birmingham. He makes himself generally useful, and in the evening he lectures in the smoke-room.

During the proceedings in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, Oxford, arising out of the shooting of Dr. Franck Bright, Mr. J. T. A. Haines stated that he had received a letter from the accused Kate Riordan, confessing that she shot at Dr. Bright, but alleging that she had no intention of harming him. Eventually the prisoner was committed for trial at the Assizes on the charge of attempted murder.

The United States cruiser Charleston, of which we gave an illustration last week, was built at San Francisco by the Union Iron Works Company, and is constructed not of wood, but entirely of the best steel. The same company are now building an armoured coast-defence vessel, a cruiser of 5300 tons, to have a speed of twenty knots, and a seagoing battleship, of 10,200 tons, for coast defence.

The fifth annual report of the Swansea and East Gower Church Extension Fund, read at the annual meeting in Swansea on Nov. 10, shows that seven new permanent churches have been completed, eight temporary churches opened, and four other churches are in course of erection in Swansea and the district. In five years over £40,000 have been raised in connection with the scheme. The Bishop of St. Davids and the Bishop of Swansea supported the report, which was adopted.

The history of African geographical discoveries, for more than thirty years past, is a topic so wide and so complex that in mere passing allusions one cannot enumerate all the actions of merit. In our recent memoir of the late Sir Richard Burton, it was stated, and justly, that he was the first European traveller who reached Lake Tanganyika, accompanied by Speke, but that Speke first discovered Lake Victoria Nyanza, which was afterwards explored by Speke and Grant, while Sir Samuel Baker was the discoverer of Lake Albert Nyanza, and of its outlet in the White Nile. But the river called the Victoria Nile, which connects the Victoria Nyanza Lake with the Albert Nyanza and the White Nile, was first explored, in 1874, by Colonel Chaillé Long, Chief of the Staff to General Gordon. From Urondogani and from Nyamyongo, where Captain Speke was stopped twelve years before, Colonel Long descended this river by canoes to below M'rooli, discovering the Gita' Nzige Lake and Lake Koja or Ibrahim, and proving its connection with the Nile. This important geographical discovery is attested by a letter of General Gordon's, and Colonel Long's merits ought not to be forgotten.

THE "ADMIRAL" CLASS OF BATTLE-SHIPS.

This class of powerful ships of the British Navy comprises the following, named after famous Admirals: H.M.S. Benbow, Anson, Rodney, Howe, Camperdown, and Collingwood, all of great size, from 9500 to 10,000 tons displacement, and built of steel, with armour-plating 18 in. thick on the sides. Their heavy guns are mounted on a barbette protected by thick armour; the Anson carries four 67-ton guns, the Benbow two huge 111-ton guns, the Camperdown and Howe four 67-ton guns, the Collingwood four rather smaller, and the Rodney four, besides six-inch guns, quick-firing guns, and mortars. These ships, with engines of 11,500-horse power, have a speed of sixteen or seventeen knots an hour; but their low freeboard, in a heavy sea, often allows the deck forward to be swept by the waves against their bows. An illustration is given of their behaviour under these conditions, which has occasionally been the theme of critical remarks.

THE LATE LORD CANTELUPE.

Much concern has been felt on account of a fatal disaster to this young nobleman, who had recently come of age and married. Lionel Charles Cranfield, Viscount Cantelupe, Captain 3rd Batt. Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment, elder son of Earl Delawarr, was drowned during the great gale of Thursday, Nov. 6, in Bangor Bay, Belfast Lough, being swept away from his yacht, the Urania. His Lordship was born Jan. 1, 1868, and was married only five months ago (on June 24, 1890) to Dorothy,



THE LATE VISCOUNT CANTELUPE.

DROWNED WHILE YACHTING IN BELFAST LOUGH.

eldest daughter of Mr. John Postle Heseltine, of Queen's-gate, London, and of Walhampton, Surrey. Lord Cantelupe was the heir of the famous family of West, Barons since the time of Sir Thomas West, living in the reign of Edward II., who married the daughter and heiress of Sir John Cantelupe of Hempston Cantelupe, in Devon, and thus added to his inheritance the manor of Snitterfield. The portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker-street.

The new session of the Royal Geographical Society was opened on the evening of Nov. 11, when a paper of much interest was read by Mr. H. H. Johnston, C.B., describing his recent journey over the plateau between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika, and his visit to the little-known Lake Hikwa. The paper was illustrated by means of the lantern from numerous photographs and Mr. Johnston's own sketches.

On Nov. 11 was celebrated, at St. Peter's Church, Cranley-gardens, S.W., the marriage of Mr. Montagu S. F. Monier Williams, M.A., son of Sir Monier Williams, K.C.I.E., with Miss Florence I. Littlejohn, sister of Mrs. W. H. Husted, of Brooklyn, New York, and cousin of the Right Rev. A. N. Littlejohn, D.D., Bishop of Long Island, U.S.A. Owing to a recent bereavement in the bride's family the wedding was a very quiet one. The Rev. S. Bickersteth, Vicar of Belvedere, Kent, brother-in-law of the bridegroom and son of the Bishop of Exeter, and the Rev. Joseph Brown, Rector of St. Paul's, Wokingham, uncle of the bridegroom, officiated.

A terrible accident, resulting in the death of ten persons and injury to many more, took place early on the morning of Nov. 11, on the Great Western Railway, near Norton Fitzwarren Station, two miles from Taunton. A special train from Plymouth, carrying passengers who had arrived on the previous evening from the Cape of Good Hope by the steamer Norham Castle, ran into a goods train, in consequence of the signals having indicated to the driver of the passenger train that the line was clear. The two engines, carriages, and several of the goods wagons were completely smashed and piled on the top of each other. Several of the passengers were burnt to death before they could be removed. The signalman, George Rice, through whose mistake the disaster occurred, was apprehended.—Twelve persons were injured in a railway collision near Edinburgh on the same day.

A report by the Registrar of Indian Literature in the Presidency of Bombay shows that up to a few years ago native amateur literature formed the staple reading of the masses in India, but of recent years this has decreased, and translations, mainly from English literature, have largely increased. Thus during the past year Shakespeare's "Cymbeline" has been translated into Gujarati under the title "Injustice to Fidelity"; "King Lear" has appeared in Marathi; while "Lady Audley's Secret" and Meadows Taylor's "Confessions of a Thug" both appear in the same language. One enterprising poet has dramatised the story of the famous Crawford Commission, in which Lord Reay is represented as an avenging angel. Herbert Spencer's "Theory of Education" and a translation of "Paul and Virginia" also appear in Marathi. Translations of "Arabian Nights" and the "History of Sandford and Merton" appear in Gujarati. English literature is the great quarry now in which the *littérateurs* of India labour.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

How true it is that there is no accounting for tastes! There are some people in this modern world who, in their hunger for notoriety, seem to love to be perverse. I took up a newspaper last Saturday, and this is what met my astonished eyes. "You have been down on Mr. Robert Buchanan; but what if I prefer the strong situations of 'The Sixth Commandment' to the fasting girl and the childish pseudo-psychology of 'Judah,' and the sentimental cat-lap of 'Sunlight and Shadow,' concerning which Mr. Buchanan's *bête noire* among the critics has just waxed so enthusiastic?" I can only suppose that some of us suffer from dramatic colour-blindness. We did not, some of us, try as we would, perceive these strong situations in the ill-fated Shaftesbury play. After the first night the Archimandrite and the Popos retired to their monastery, the requiem was no more sung over the corpse of the dead Israelite, and the strangled Abramoff was converted to Christianity. Nor did we perceive anything that was "childish" in "Judah," or detect much "sentimental cat-lap" in Mr. Carton's pretty play at the Avenue. Indeed, there is no accounting for tastes. For instance, I prefer a glass of Château Lafitte to a quartet of gin, but I can quite conceive that to such an authority as I have quoted rum shrub would be more palatable than the finest bottle of Chambertin.

But another authority goes still further in the way of eccentricity. He boldly declares that "Beau Austin" should be admired because it is a bad play. Just listen to this. "'Beau Austin,' whether it is interesting or dull, whether it is well written or ill written, whether it draws or loses money, is, thank Heaven, a play which two men have tried to write well." Who for an instant doubts it? But, according to that argument, we are to go down on our hands and knees and to thank Heaven for the work of the ambitious amateur. Does anyone in his senses doubt that young Mr. Hannan, who very recently produced "Monsieur Moulou" at a matinée, *tried to write well?* Is there an instance of a failure on record where the author of the failure did not do his best and try to write well? Pursue this argument to its logical absurdity. A singer gives out false notes, that jar on the sensitive ear, and set the teeth on edge. Applaud Madame Chose! Cheer Signor Vibrato! They tried to sing well. A painter puts on canvas a mass of ill-drawn figures, and emphasises his ignorance of the rudimentary elements of his art by crude ill-balanced colour. Applaud that plucky painter! He tried to paint well. The coats we wear on our backs are to be admired, not because they fit well, but because the tailor tried to succeed, and made a mull of it. The shoes on our feet are to be serviceable, not because they are sound and easy, but because they pinch the feet and let in water. But I wish, all the same, that this excellent gentleman—or is it a lady?—who communicates these views to the *Hawk* would take the trouble to be accurate as well as eccentric. He or she says, "The story is simplicity itself. Dorothy Musgrave has been seduced by Beau Austin, who then deserts her for six months. Mr. Clement Scott thinks that this is only characteristic of 1820. I may tell him that I have known it done in 1890 with great frequency and success." Now, this is wholly and absolutely untrue, and, what is more, the writer knows it is untrue. Mr. Clement Scott never at any time or at any place said anything of the kind. What Mr. Clement Scott said was that young ladies who have been ruined by the men they love do not, as a rule, blurt out the fact to the first man they come across, when there is every reason why they should hold their tongues, and keep their misery locked up in their own breasts. What Mr. Clement Scott said was that a man of the type of Beau Austin, a professional lady-killer and practised seducer, would scarcely be converted from the errors of his ways after a quarter of an hour's discussion with a jealous stripling who is his rival. For what I say I am prepared to answer. But it is in the highest sense unfair—I might use a stronger word—to base an indictment on what is false, and deliberately false. The writer of this article knows as well as man can know that I never thought or said that desertion like that of Beau Austin was characteristic of 1820, and yet he does not hesitate to print it. The young gentlemen of the new school who uphold the doctrine "that the majority is always wrong," and that they, the minority, are, inferentially, always right, should take the trouble to be accurate. Nothing is lost by veracity, even in argument.

But, perchance, in these days of eccentricity there is a mania for bad plays, and by this I mean badly made plays, unsymmetrical, disordered, disjointed works. Mr. Archer, for whose opinion I have a great respect, thinks that "Beau Austin" is a brilliant instance of a "well-made play." See how we differ. I consider its great fault is that it is a badly made play. I am perfectly certain, for instance, that Mr. Frank Wyatt tried to write well as much as Mr. W. E. Henley or Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson ever did. I doubt not that there was as much laudable ambition on the part of Mr. Wyatt as there was on that of Robert Browning when he failed with "The Bolt" on the "Scutcheon," or on that of the Laureate when he failed with "The Promise of May." But are we always to applaud the men of literature who *try* to succeed? Why should not the same measure of tolerance be meted out to the non-literary authors, who also *try* to succeed? Would the earnest champion of "Beau Austin," who evidently does not think much more of the play than I do, advocate generous tolerance for "The Sixth Commandment" or "The Struggle for Life"? Robert Buchanan is a literary man, and quite as notable a literary man as either of the authors of "Beau Austin." Does not Robert Buchanan try to write well? But what mercy does he get when he fails to succeed as a dramatist from the very people who would make us all go down on our knees and grovel because a popular tale-writer takes to writing plays? I am a great advocate for hero-worship, but this is hero-worship run mad. Would the musical critics all go crazy because Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson composed a sonata? Would the art critics throw their hats in the air because Mr. W. E. Henley exhibited a picture in the Royal Academy? Certainly they would if the sonata or the picture were good; and so should we if the play were good. But even some of the warmest advocates of the authors of "Beau Austin" confess that the play is bad.

It is clear that some people like bad plays; for was there not excitement and enthusiasm enough at Toole's Theatre on Saturday when Mr. F. Wyatt's "Two Recruits" was produced? There was not a dissentient voice. And yet, even as a farcical comedy, it did not seem quite up to the mark. It did not hang well together, and it was not very smartly written. But it went wonderfully well with the audience, mainly on account of the situation—borrowed from Mr. Anstey's "Vice Versa"—in which a youth in his teens marries the mother of his tutor—a grey-haired old woman—in order to become the father of his bullying guardian. Nor is the acting very brilliant, to make up for the poverty of interest. The success of the evening was made by Miss Violet Thorneycroft, a very charming young actress, comparatively new to London, who has a future before her. She has great intelligence and a nice sympathetic style.

C. S.

THE CZAREVITCH.

The eldest son and heir to the Emperor of Russia has set forth on a long and important journey, visiting different countries of Eastern Europe, Austria, and Greece, and proceeding to India and China, thence overland homewards through Siberia, which will occupy several months. It is expected that he will visit all the chief seats of government in the Asiatic dominions of the Russian Empire, and will announce to the Siberians the Imperial decision to construct the great Siberian Pacific Railway as soon as possible. His Imperial Highness arrived at Vienna on Nov. 6, as the guest of the Emperor of Austria.

The suite which will accompany the Czarevitch on his journey to India and the Pacific consists of Prince Vladimir Baraiatinsky and Prince Obolensky, Aides-de-Camp of the Czar; M. Onou, Russian Minister at Athens; Prince Oukhtomsky, who has already visited India, and has travelled a great deal in Russian Central Asia and the East; Admiral Basagin, M. Volkhoff, Dr. Smirnoff, and the painter Jaginsky. His Imperial Highness, with his brother, will embark at Trieste, and proceed in a Russian ironclad ship of war, through the Suez Canal, to arrive in Bombay about Dec. 23. After a trip through Rajpootana and Upper India, they will reach Calcutta about the middle of January. The Czarevitch does not, therefore, travel to Asia by way of Sebastopol and the Black Sea, as at first intended, the proposed visit to the Sultan at Constantinople being abandoned, both on the recommendation of the Porte, and on account of the consideration that the appearance of the orthodox heir-apparent of Russia at Constantinople, in the present circumstances, would be sure to lead to rather awkward and inconvenient demonstrations on the part of the Greek clergy and the Armenians.

His Imperial Highness the Hereditary Grand Duke Nicholas Alexandrovitch, styled the Czarevitch or son of the Czar, was born at St. Petersburg, May 18, 1868, eldest child of the present Emperor Alexander III., who was then Czarevitch, and of the Empress Maria Feodovna, who was Princess Dagmar of Denmark. His brother, who accompanies him in this extensive journey, is the Grand Duke George Alexandrovitch, born May 9, 1871.

THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

The British protectorate over Zanzibar was formally proclaimed on Nov. 7. Notices in English and Arabic were posted at all the usual public places announcing the protectorate over all portions of the Sultan's dominions except the territory south of the Umba River, Mafia Island, and the districts of Barava, Meurka, Magadoxo, and Warsheikh. The British Consul-General, Colonel Euan Smith, C.B., accompanied by Vice-Admiral Sir E. Fremantle and a large number of naval officers, visited the Sultan at the palace, and read out the proclamation of the protectorate before a large assembly of Arabs. The British fleet and the Sultan's flag-staff had the British flag and the Sultan's flag hoisted side by side. Royal salutes were fired at noon from the ships and the shore in honour of the occasion. Admiral Sir E. Fremantle has issued a public notice forbidding the entry of any Europeans into Witu territory, which is still under martial law, until further orders, except by special permission.

We give a Portrait of the Sultan of Zanzibar, who has reigned about three years, succeeding the late Sayyid Burghash. His family, that of the Ayyal Bu Sayyid, belonging to the Hinawi tribe of Arabia, is of pure ancient race, claiming descent from the Prophet Mohammed, and is a branch of that of the Sultan of Muscat, at the entrance to the Persian Gulf.

It is announced that the Duke of Devonshire has decided to spend £30,000 in extending the sea-wall at the east end of Eastbourne, constructing a new marine drive towards Pevensey, and laying out what has been hitherto little better than a dangerous piece of waste as ornamental ground.

EXTENSION OF PECKHAM RYE.

Within the last few months an effort has been made, by a local committee, of which Dr. W. T. Greene is chairman, to secure a very desirable extension of Peckham Rye Common. This well-known open space, not more than three or four miles from London Bridge, Ludgate Hill, or Victoria, is easily accessible, and is already the playground of the inhabitants of a very large part of South London. Its enlargement is, therefore, of the greatest importance, not only to the parishioners of Camberwell, but also to those of the neighbouring suburbs. There has been an enormous increase of the population of London on this side of the Thames, that of Camberwell alone being now estimated at a quarter of a million.

Such great interest is now taken in vigorous outdoor exercises that Peckham Rye on Saturdays and holidays, especially during the cricket season, is visited by large numbers of the artisan class bent on recreation. The space has become wholly inadequate to their accommodation; the cricket-playing is sometimes positively dangerous to spectators and even to passers-by; women and children, and elderly persons, cannot approach it with safety to life or limb.

Happily there is, contiguous to Peckham Rye, a compact plot of meadow and woodland, forty-six acres in extent, admirably adapted to the purposes of a recreation-ground. This is the Homestall Farm, the property of Messrs. C. W. and A. Stevens. It is a delightful piece of real country, where the nightingale is still an annual visitor, and which must, with its shady avenues, be a pleasant retreat from the bare open common.

The owners of the Homestall Farm have consented to sell the farm at the price of £1000 per acre, on condition that thirteen acres of the land, with the farmhouse, be leased to them, at an annual rental of £458, for their lives, and for the lifetime of the survivor of them, but with power to determine the lease at the end of every seven years. It is also proposed to purchase the freehold interest in two smaller plots, "Sunny-side" and the "Pottery," containing together three acres, with the intention ultimately of removing the houses which stand thereon. The total area of the proposed site is forty-nine acres, and the purchase money required to carry out the scheme is £50,925.

In response to an appeal to the Vestry of St. Giles, Camberwell, they readily granted £20,000 towards the required sum. Considering that they had previously made a grant of £6000 to assist their neighbours in Lambeth to acquire Brockwell Park, the St. Giles's Vestry acted very handsomely, and set an example which ought not to be lost upon other public bodies and vestries of the Metropolis. The vestry also appointed a deputation, with Mr. G. C. Whiteley, the chairman, as its spokesman, to act with the Peckham Rye Extension Committee, and to present memorials to the Charity Commissioners and to the London County Council, praying for grants in aid.

The Charity Commissioners, being satisfied that the Homestall Park was a natural adjunct to the Rye, and that its acquisition would be a great boon to the public, more particularly to the large and poor population in the vicinity, appropriated the sum of £12,000 to this purpose, out of the surplus funds of the City parochial charities.

The London County Council, after a visit to Peckham Rye on June 29, resolved to contribute £18,000 towards its extension. The remaining sum of £925 will, it is hoped, be speedily made up by public subscriptions. Having secured the open space thus far, the Extension Committee ought not to rest satisfied until they have obtained the leasehold interests of the "Sunny-side" and "Pottery" properties, the clearing of which is essential to the completion of their work.

Our illustrations are from a series of good photographic views taken by Messrs. Benedetti and Co., Rye-lane.

The annual benefit of the Society for the Promotion of Charity and the Distribution of Bread,

HOMESTALL FARM, PECKHAM RYE.

in celebration of the centenary of the introduction of the flower into Europe, contained many features of great interest.—The collection in the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society is now in full flower. It consists of some eight hundred plants, including samples of the more remarkable of the many varieties of this popular flower.

At a public meeting in Kirkintilloch, Mr. David Marshall, wood-merchant, was presented with the bronze medal and certificate of the Royal Humane Society for having, on July 23, notwithstanding his threescore years and ten, plunged into the Forth and Clyde Canal at Kirkintilloch, and rescued a boy of five years. Fifty years ago Mr. Marshall saved the life of a man, and since then he has saved five persons from drowning in the canal.

A matinée was given at Terry's Theatre on Nov. 13, when a work known as "The Songs of the West" was performed by ladies and gentlemen from the West of England. The work is the result of the Rev. Baring Gould's labours, he having been engaged for many years in collecting the traditional songs of Devon and Cornwall. The ladies and gentlemen appeared in costume, and suitable scenery was used.



THE PRIORY FARM, PECKHAM RYE.

Meat, and Coals to the Poor, During the Winter, will take place at the Royal Adelphi Theatre on Nov. 24 until 29 (inclusive), 1890. Tickets, which alone benefit the charity, may be obtained from Messrs. Godfrey and Robertson, honorary solicitors to the charity, 40, Chancery-lane, London, by whom donations will be thankfully received.

The promised first appearance this season of M. Maurel, on Nov. 10, in the title-character of Verdi's "Rigoletto," was suddenly postponed in consequence of the indisposition of the eminent French baritone. The opera, however, was given on the date named, when the versatile and ever-ready Signor Galassi sustained the part of the ill-fated Court Jester. The first appearance of M. Maurel was promised for Nov. 13.

Chrysanthemums are in full bloom. Besides the show in the Temple Gardens, briefly noticed in our last issue, an exhibition has been held at the Crystal Palace, there being great competition in the First Class, for forty-eight flowers of thirty-six varieties, twenty-four to be incurred, and twenty-four "Japanese," four prizes being awarded.—One of the finest chrysanthemum shows ever seen was opened at the Royal Aquarium on Nov. 10 by Lady Brooke, on behalf of the National Chrysanthemum Society. The show, which was

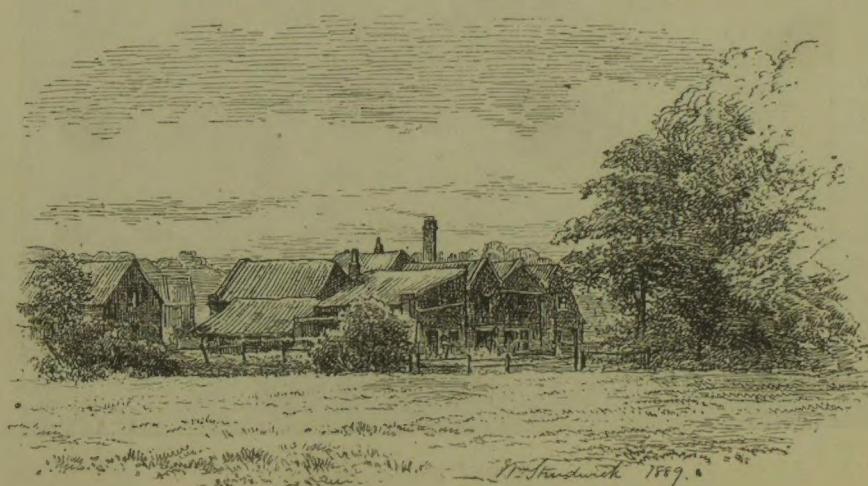


HOMESTALL FARM, PECKHAM RYE.

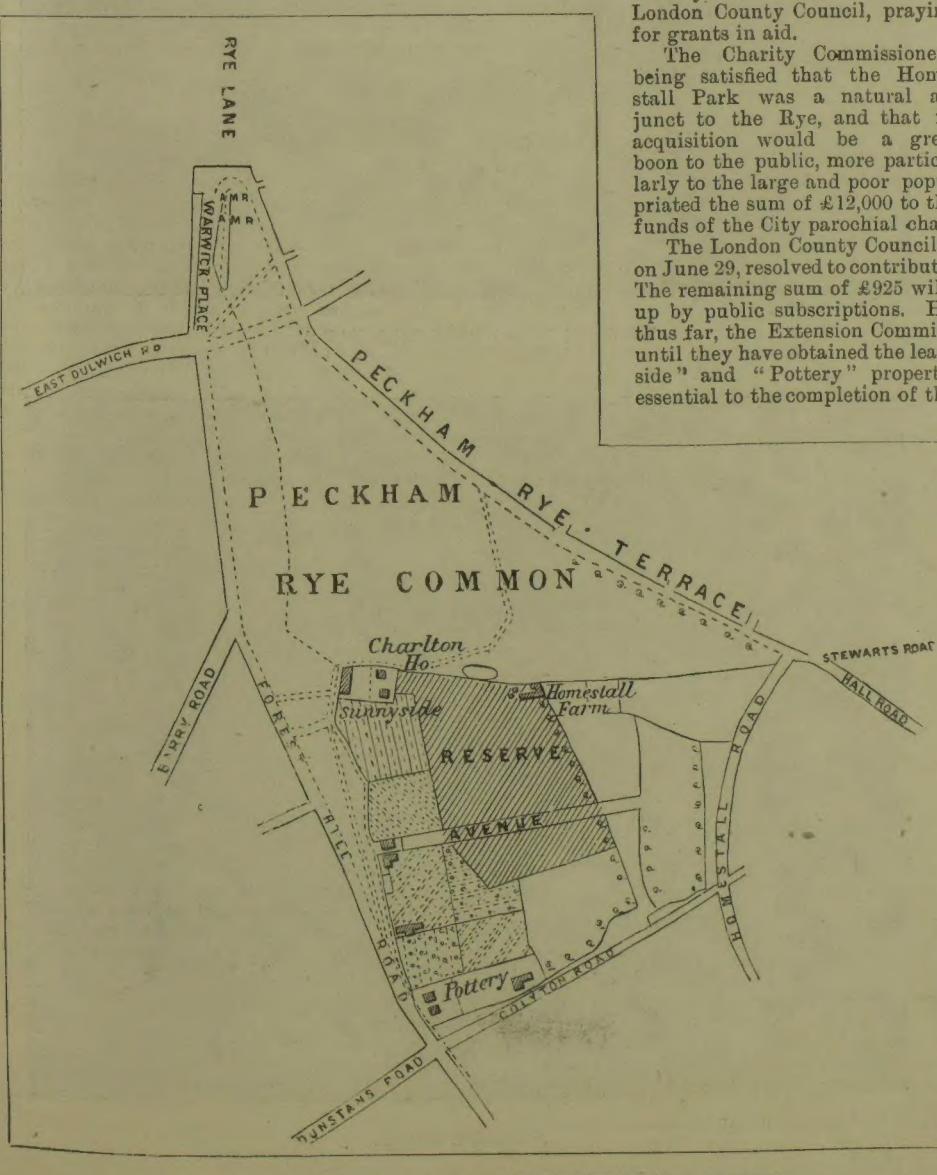
in celebration of the centenary of the introduction of the flower into Europe, contained many features of great interest.—The collection in the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society is now in full flower. It consists of some eight hundred plants, including samples of the more remarkable of the many varieties of this popular flower.

At a public meeting in Kirkintilloch, Mr. David Marshall, wood-merchant, was presented with the bronze medal and certificate of the Royal Humane Society for having, on July 23, notwithstanding his threescore years and ten, plunged into the Forth and Clyde Canal at Kirkintilloch, and rescued a boy of five years. Fifty years ago Mr. Marshall saved the life of a man, and since then he has saved five persons from drowning in the canal.

A matinée was given at Terry's Theatre on Nov. 13, when a work known as "The Songs of the West" was performed by ladies and gentlemen from the West of England. The work is the result of the Rev. Baring Gould's labours, he having been engaged for many years in collecting the traditional songs of Devon and Cornwall. The ladies and gentlemen appeared in costume, and suitable scenery was used.



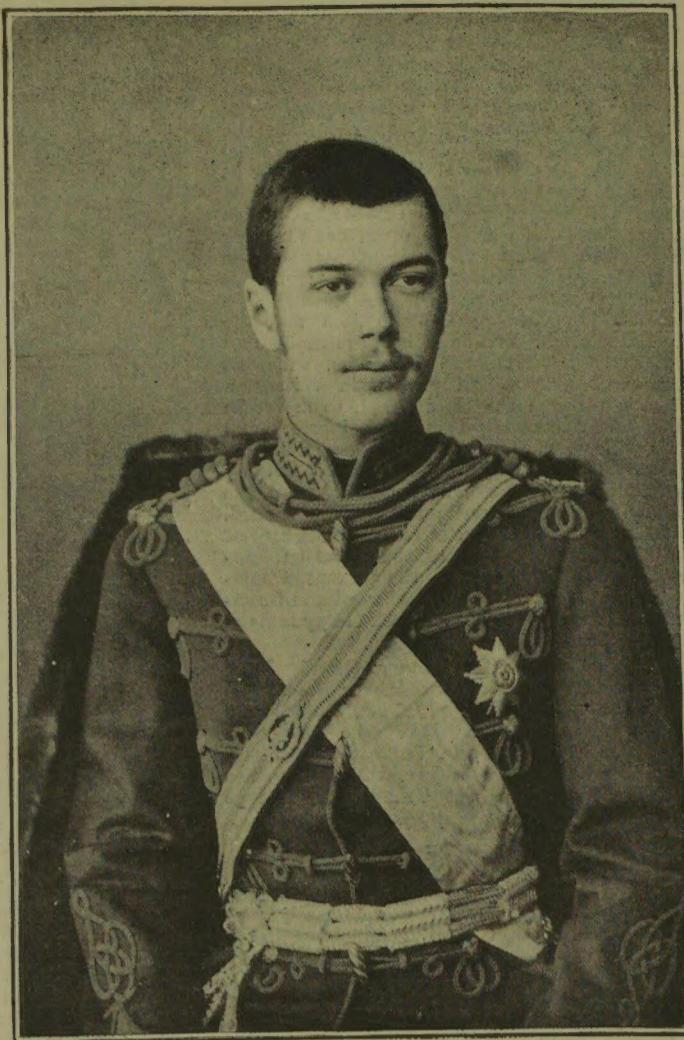
THE POTTERY, PECKHAM RYE.



PLAN OF THE PECKHAM RYE COMMON EXTENSION SCHEME.



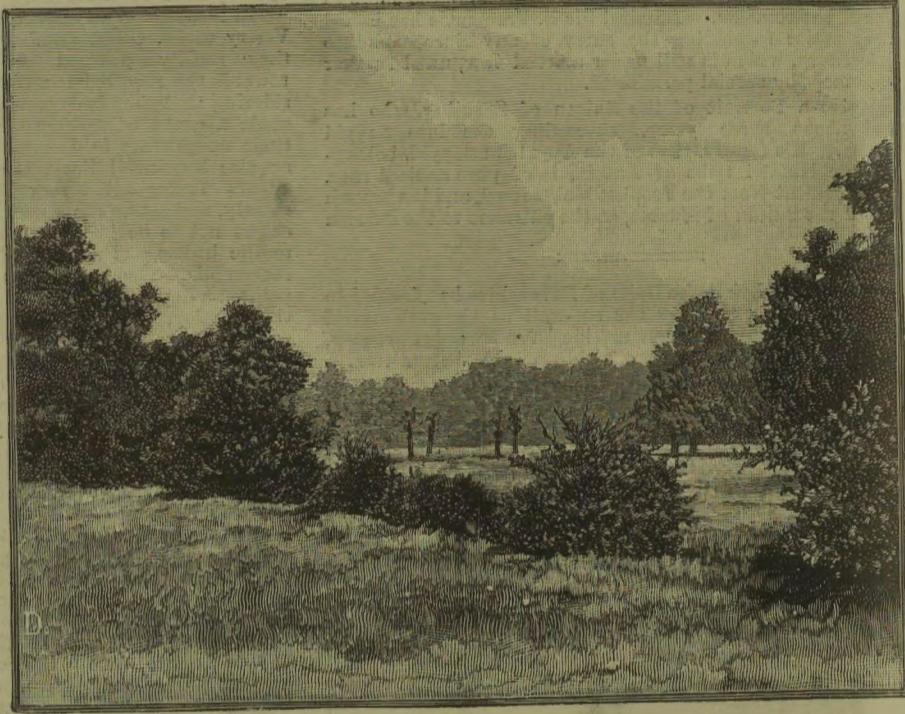
THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR,
NOW UNDER BRITISH PROTECTION.



THE CZAREVITCH, NICHOLAS ALEXANDROVITCH,
HEIR TO THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.



THE BAND STAND ON PECKHAM RYE.



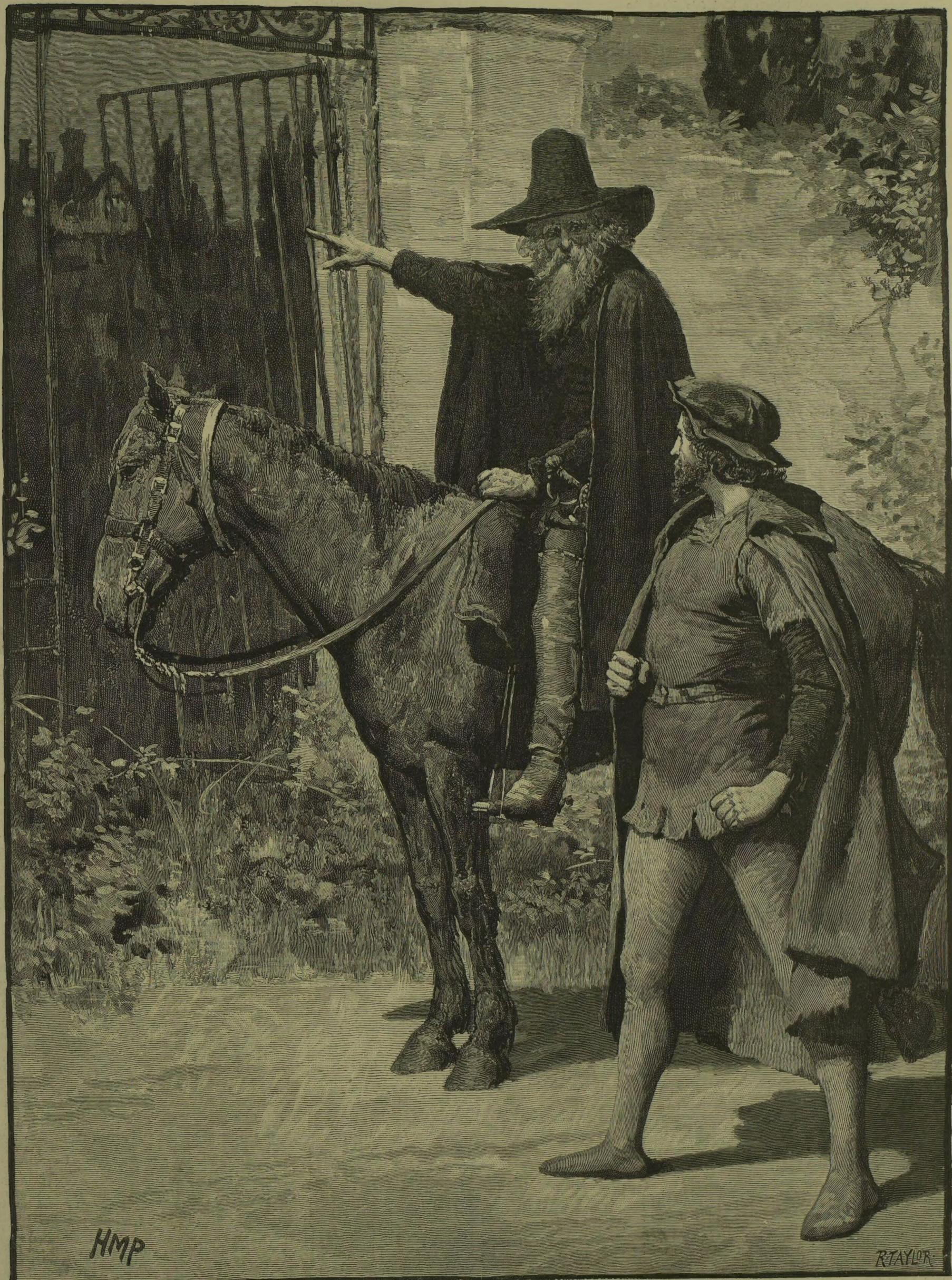
VIEW ON THE HOMESTALL FARM.



BALTON
A WOODY DELL.



A LEAFY COPSE.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

"Ho! ho! you shall sleep snug enough to-night. Look at the shine on't! They have lit up to welcome us!" and he pointed with a long fleshless finger to those ghostly windows.

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHœNICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHœNICIAN.

RETOLED BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

CHAPTER XVIII.

You—happy—across whose tablets a kind fate draws the sponge of oblivion even while you write, who leave the cup half emptied, and the feast half finished; you, from whose thoughts ambition passes in warm meridian glow, who nourish expectation and hope to the very verge of the unknown; you, who leave warm with the sweet wine of living, your dim way lit with the shine of love, your fingers locked in the clasp of friendship; you, to whom all these things gently minister and smooth the path of the inevitable; you, who die but once and die so easily, surely cannot comprehend the full measure of my sufferings!

Oh! it was horrible and sickening to feel the old world reel and spin like this beneath my laggard feet; to see crowns and states and people fit by like idle shadows on a sunny wall; to espouse great quarrels that set men into wide-asunder camps, and to wake and find the quarrel long since over and forgotten; to swear allegiance to a King and love and serve him, and then to find, in the beat of a pulse, that he had gone and was forgotten; to be the bearer of proud news that should kindle joy in a thousand thousand hearts, and then to wake when even the meaning of that news, the very cause and purport of it, was long since past and gone—it was surely bitter!

And for myself—I, who, as you know, link a ready sympathy with any cause, whose love and live and hope with a fervour which no experience quenches and no adversity can dim—to be thus cut adrift from all I lived and hoped for, to be cast like this on to the bleak, friendless shore of some age, remote, unknown, unvalued—surely it was a mischance as heavy as any mischance could be!

I had not any friend in all that universe, I said to myself as I lay and thought sad thoughts upon the grassy mound—a friend!—not one kind human heart in this hive of human atoms set store by me—not me had heard I lived—not one cared if I died! There was not in all the world one question of how I fared, one wish that ran in union with any wish of mine—one single link to join me to my kind. And what links could I forge again? How could I set out to hope afresh or love, or fear, or wish for? Hope! gods! had I not hopes yesterday? And what were they now?—a tawdry, silly sheaf of tinselled fancies. And love!—how could I love, remembering the new-dead Isobel?—and fear and desire! Neither touched the accursed monotony of my desolation: either would have been a boon from Heaven to break the miserable calm of my despair!

It was thus I reasoned with myself for hours as the gathering darkness settled down; and, poor as I had often been, and comradeless, I do not think, in all a long and varied life, I had ever felt more reft of friends or melancholy lonesome. In vain my mind was racked to piece the evidence of that huge lapse of time which, there was no doubt, had passed since the great battle on the Crecy hills. I could recall as they have been set down every incident of the voyage, my escape, and what had followed the awakening: but the sleep itself was to me even now just one long, soft, dreamless, well-earned slumber from point to point. So absolutely natural had been that wondrous trance that to think on it would make me start up with a cry, and shake my fist to where, in the valley, the lights of Elizabeth's camp were faintly shining among the trees, and half persuade myself that this were the dream—that the yellow-haired Princess had somehow mocked me, that Edward indeed still lived, with my jolly comrades, and I might still hope to win renown and smiles amid them, and see those that I knew, and drink red wine from friendly flagons. Then I would remember all the many signs that told the Princess had not fooled me—had but spoke the cruel naked truth—and down I would sink again on the turf under the deepening shadows, and bewail my lot.

Tossed fiercely about like this, time passed unnoticed; the day went out in the west behind the pale amber and green satin curtains of the sunset, and, while I sat and grieved, the yellow stars climbed into the sky, all the sweet silent planets of the night set out upon their unseen pathways and airy parabolas, and behind the thicket that sheltered me the moon got up and threw across the lonely road a tracery of black and silver shadows. The evening air blew strong and cool upon my flushed, hot brow, and lulled the teeming thoughts that crowded there. Soft velvet bats came down, and the faint lisp of their hollow wings brushing by me was kindly and sympathetic. Overhead, the swallows hung out a thousand golden points to the small people of the twilight, and a faint perfume—an incense of hope—fell on me with the yellow dust of those gentle flowers. If I say these cool influences somewhat respiration, you will deride my changing mood. Yet why should I hesitate for that? I did grow calmer under the gentle caressing of the evening; it was all so fair and still about me presently, and there was this star that I knew and that; and the night-owl churning overhead was surely the very same bird that had sung above my hunter-couch in the Saxon woodlands; and the lonely trumpet of the heron, flying homeward up the valley, brought back a score of peaceful memories. After all, men might change and go—shallow, small puppets that they were!—but this, at least, was the same old earth about me, and that was something. I would find a sheltered corner, and sleep. Mayhap, with to-morrow's dawn the world might look a little brighter!

Just as this wise resolution was on the point of being put in force, the faint sound of horse-hoofs, demurely walking up towards my lurking-place, came down on the night wind, and, retiring a moment into the deep shadows, I had not long to wait before the same shaggy palfrey and the same dreamy old fellow met earlier in the day came pacing along the road. The scholar—for so I guessed him—looked neither to right nor left; his strange thin face was turned full up to the moonlight, and the bright rays shone upon his vacant eyes and long white beard with a strange sepulchral lustre. He was letting the reins hang loose upon his pony's neck, and, as he came near, thinking himself alone, he stretched out his long sinewy hands in front; and it was plain to see his lips worked in the moonlight with unspoken thoughts quicker than an abbot's at unpaid-for mass. Utterly oblivious to everything around, in the white shine of the great night planet, old, lunatic, and gaunt, he looked, methought, the strangest wayfarer that ever rode down a woodland lane by nightfall. He was, indeed, so weird and unapproachable in his reverie that, though I had felt a small gleam of pleasure in first recognising something which, if not friend, was at least acquaintance, yet now as he drew nigh, remote and visionary, with glassy eyes fixed on the twinkling stars, and thin white locks lifting about his broad and wrinkled forehead, I hesitated to greet him, and stood back.

But that palfrey he bestrode was more watchful than his rider. He saw me loom dark among the hazels, and came to so sudden a stop as threw the old man forward upon his ears,

and, whatever his fancies may have been, jerked them clean from sky to earth in less time than it takes to write.

The scholar pulled himself together, and, with some show of valour, threw back his wide cloak from his right shoulder, and uncovered on his other side the hilt of a tarnished, rusty sword. Then, peeping and peering all about, he cried, "Ho! you there in the shadows! Be ye thieves or beggars, know that I have nothing to give, and less to lose!"

"And he who stops your way, Sir," I answered, stepping forward into the clear, "is exactly in like circumstance."

"Oh! it is you, friend, is it?" cried the old man, seeming much relieved. "I thought I had fallen into a nest of foot-pads, or at the least a camp of beggars."

"Your open declaration, Sir, backed by certain evidences of its obvious truth, ought to have taken you safely through the worst-infested thicket hereabouts."

"No doubt, no doubt; but I am glad it is you and not another—first, because desirable friendships are rarely made by moonlight; and secondly, because you have been in my mind the few hours since we parted."

"I am honoured in that particular, and your courtesy moves me the more because I was only now thinking there were none upon the face of the earth who were doing so much by me."

"You are green, young man, and therefore apt to let a passing whim, a shadow of disappointment, lead to hasty generalising. You fared not as you hoped at yonder Court?" And the old man bent his keen grey eyes upon me with a searching shrewdness there was no gainsaying.

"No! in faith I fared badly beyond all expectation."

"And what were you projecting just now when, like the ass of Balaam, this most patient beast saw you in the way and interrupted my reflection so roughly?"

"Why, at that very moment, Sir," I said, "I was looking for a likely place to pass the night."

"What, on the moss? with no better hangings to your couch than these lean, draughty, leafless boughs?"

"Tis an honourable bed, Sir, and I have fared worse when I have been far richer."

"Oh! what a happy thing it is to be young and full of choleric and folly! Not but that I have done the same myself," chuckled the old man: "for thou knowest mandrake must be gathered only at the full moon, and hemlock roots are digged in the dark—many a twilight such as this I spent groping in the murky woods, picking those things that witches love—and not gone home with full wallet until the owls were homing and the pale white stars were waxing sickly in the morning light. Nevertheless, Sir, take an old man's word, and presume not too largely on the immunities of youth."

"I have no drier bed."

"No, but I have. Come back with me to-night, and I will lodge you safe and sound until the morning."

"Thanks for the proffer! Yet this is surely extreme courtesy between two wayfarers so newly met as we are?"

"And do I, Sir," he cried, holding out his thin and shaky palms there in the pallid light, a gaunt and ragged-looking spectre—a houseless, homeless, visionary vagrant—"do I, Sir, seem some broiling spendthrift—some loose hedge-companion—some shallow-pated swashbuckler—hail-fellow-well-met with one and all? I have not said so much civility as I did just now to anyone this twenty years!"

"The more thanks are due from him in whose favour you make so great and generous exception. Is it distant to your lodgment?"

"But a few miles straight ahead of us."

"Then I will go with you, for it were churlish to slight so good an offer out of bare waywardness"; and I tightened my belt, and took the ragged ungroomed little steed by the rusty, cord-mended bit, and, with these two strange companions, set out I knew not how or where, and cared but little.

At first that quaint old man seemed more elated than could reasonably be expected at having secured me for a guest. He did not openly avow it, but I was not so young or unread in men but that I could decipher his pleasure in voice and eye, even while he talked on other subjects. How this interest came, what he could hope to get or have of me, however, was well past my comprehension. My dress and rustic garb spoke me his inferior in place and station, while, certes! my rags and tatters made me seem poor even after my humble kind. He was a gentleman, though the sorriest-looking one who ever put a leg across a saddle. And I? I was afoot, a gloomy, purseless, unweaponed loiterer in the shadows. What could he need of me that lent such lustre to his eyes, and caused him to chuckle so hoarsely far down in his lean and withered throat? The morrow no doubt would show, and in the meantime, being still morose and sad, smarting to have unwittingly played the fool so much, and full of grief and sorrow, I responded but dully to his learned talk. Feeling this, and being only slenderly attached to mundane things at best, his mind wandered from me after a mile or two—his eyes grew fixed and expressionless, his hands dropped supine upon the pummel, his chin sank down upon the limp, worn, yellow ruffles on his chest, and senseless, disconnected murmurs ran from his lips, like water dripping from a leaky cask.

I let him babble as he liked, and trudged along in silence, leaving the road to that sagacious beast, who, with drooped head and stolid purpose, went pacing on without a look either to right or left. And you will guess my thoughts were melancholy. Yesterday I was an honoured soldier, the confidant of a proud victorious King, the comrade of a shining band of princely brethren, as good a knight as any that breathed among a host of heroes, the clear-honoured leading star—the bright example to a horde of stalwart veterans—with all the fair wide fields of renown and reputation lying inviting before me!—all the pleasant lethe of struggle and ambition open to my search, and I had strong true friends abroad, and loving ones at home—and now! and now! Oh! I beat my hand upon my bosom, and spent impotent curses on the starlight sky, to think how all was changed—to think how those splendid princely shadows were gone—how all those sweet, rough spearmen who had ridden with me, fetlock deep, through the crimson mire of Crecy had passed out into the void, leaving me here desolate, poor, accursed!—this empty hand that trained the spear that had shot princes and paladins to earth under the full gaze of crowned Christendom, turned to a low horse-boy's duty, my golden mail changed to a hedge-man's muddy smock, on foot, degraded, friendless, and forlorn!

But it was no good grieving. My melancholy served somehow to pass the way, and when, presently, I shook it off again with one fierce, final sigh, and peered about, we were slowly winding down a dark road between high banks into a deeply wooded glen lying straight ahead. I had noticed now and then, as we came along, a twinkling light or two standing off from the white roadway, amid the deep-black shadows of the evening, and each time had slowed my gloomy stride, thinking this were the place we aimed for. Now it was a shepherd's lonely cot, high-perched amid the open furze and ling, with a faint-red beam of warmth and light coming from the glowing hearth within. "Ah! here we be!" I thought. "So Learning is lodged with fleecy Simplicity, and cons his Ovid amid the things the sweet Latin loved, or real's bucolic Horace beneath a herdsman's oak!"

But that glum palfrey did not stop, and his fantastic master made no sign. Then it would be a wayside cottage, all criss-cross-faced with beam of wood, after the new fashion, and overgrown with rose and eglantine. "There this is it," I sighed—"a comely, peaceful harbourage. One could surely lie safer from the winds of blustering fortune in this tiny shell than a small white maggot in a winter-hidden nut." And I put my hand upon the dim tressel-gate. But stamp—stamp! the steed went on; and the master never took his chin from off his bosom!

Well, we had passed in this way some few small homesteads, and seen the glow-worm lights of a fair, sleeping Tudor village or two shine remote in the starlight valleys, and then we came all at the same solemn pace, the same gloomy silence, into that deep-shadowed dell I spoke of. We dipped down, out of the honest white radiance, between high banks on either hand, so high that bush and scrub were locked in tangles overhead and not a blink of light came through. Down that strange black zigzag we slipped and scrambled, the loose stones rattling beneath our feet, in pitchy darkness, with never a sound to break the stillness but the heavy breathing of the horse, and now and then the gurgle of an unseen streamlet running somewhere in the void. We staggered down this hell-dark pathway for a lonely mile, and then there loomed up from the blackness on my right hand a mouldy, broken terrace wall, all loose and cracked, with fallen coping slabs and pedestals displaced, and hideous, stony, graven monsters here and there glowering in the blackness at us who passed below. Two hundred paces down this wall we went, and then came to an opening. At the same moment the pale moon shone out full overhead and showed me a gate, a garden, and beyond an empty mansion, so white, so ruinous and ghastly, so marvellously like a dead, expressionless face suddenly gleaming over the black pall of the night, that I tightened my hand upon the snaffle strap I held, and bit my lip, and thanked my fate it was not there I had to sleep.

Yet could I not help staring at that place. The wall turned in on either side to meet those gates. They had once been noble and well wrought and gilded, for here and there the better metal shone in spots amid the wide expanse of rusty iron that formed them, but now they were like the broken fangs, methought, of some old hag more than aught else. The left of these two rotten portals never opened, the nettle and wild creepers were twined thick about its shattered lower bars, while its fellow stood ajar, with one hinge gone, and sagging over, desperately envious, it seemed, of the small footway that wound round the rank wild herbage past it. And then that garden! Jove! Was ever such a ghostly wilderness, such a tangled labyrinth of decay and neglect born out of the kind fertile bosom of gentle Mother Earth? Never before had I seen black cypresses throw such funeral shadows; never had I known the winter-worn things of summer look so ghoul-like and horrible! But worst of all was the mansion beyond—a straggling pile, with mighty chimney stacks, whence no pleasant smoke curled up, and silent, grassy courtyards, and lonely flights of broken steps leading to lonely terraces, and a hundred empty windows staring empty-socketed back upon the dead white light that shone so straight and cruel on them. Oh! it was all most forlorn and melancholy, surely an unholy place, steeped deep with the indelible stain of some black story—and I turned me gladly from it!

I turned, and as I did so the horse came to a sudden stop!—stopped calm and resolutely before that ill-omened portal! This woke his master, who started and looked up. He saw the house and gates in the full stream of the moonlight, and then turned to me.

"Welcome!" he cried—"right welcome to my home! Ho! ho! you shall sleep snug enough to-night. Look at the shine on't. They have lit up to welcome us!" and he pointed with a long fleshless finger to those ghostly windows! "Ho! ho! ho!" came, like a dead voice, the echo of his laughter out of the blank courtyard depth, and the old man, so strange and wild, struck his rusty spurs upon the bare sounding ribs of his beast, and turned and rode straight through the portal.

For one minute I held back—'twas all so grim and tragic-looking, and I was weak, shaken with grief and fasting, unweaponed and alone—for one minute I held back, and then the red flush of anger burnt hot upon my forehead to think I had been so near to fearing. I tossed back my black Phrygian locks, and with an angry stride—my spirit roused by that moment's weakness—strode sternly across the threshold.

Down the white gravel way we twined, the loose, neglected path gleaming wet with night-dew; we brushed by thickets of dead garden things, such as had once been tall and fair, but now tainted the night-air with their rottenness. We stepped over giant brambles and great fallen henlocks—little hedge-pigs, so forsaken was it all, trotting down the path before us—and bats fitting about our heads. In one place had been a fountain, and Pan himself standing by it. The fountain was choked with giant dock and cress, wherefrom some frogs croaked with dismal glee, while Pan had fallen and lay in pieces on his face across the way. So we came in a moment or two to the house, and there my guide dismounted and pulled bit and bridle, saddle and saddle-cloth from his pony. That beast turned and stepped back into the shadows of the desolate garden, vanishing with strange suddenness, but whither I could not guess. Then the old man produced a green-rusty key from under his belt, and putting it to the lock of the door at top of that flight of broken steps, which looked as though no foot had trodden them for fifty years, he turned the rusty wards. The grind and wail of those stiff bolts had almost human sadness in it, and then we entered a long, lonely, chilly hall. Here my guide felt for flint and steel, and I own I heard the click of the stone and metal, and saw the first sparks spring and die upon the pavement, with reasonable satisfaction.

'Twould have made a good picture, had someone been by to limn it—that ghastly pale face that might have topped a skeleton, so bloodless was it, with sharp keen eyes, a glint in the red glow that came presently upon the tinder, that strange slouch hat, that ragged, sorrel, graveyard cloak, and all about the gleam, glancing off the crumbling finery, the worm-eaten furniture, the broken tile-stones, the empty, voiceless corridors, the doors set half ajar, the great carved banisters of the stairway that mounted into the black upper emptiness of that deserted hall. And then I myself, there by the porch, watchful and grim, in my sorry rags, the greatest wonder of it all, eyeing with haughty speculation that old fellow, so ancient and yet so young, tottering and venerable under the weight of a poor eighty years, perhaps, while it was three times as much since strong-limbed, supple I had even sat to a meal! It was truly strange, and I waited for anything that might come next with calm resignation—a listless faith in the integrity of chance which put me beyond all those gusty emotions of hope and fear which play through the fledgling hearts of lesser men.

The red train of sparks lit upon the tinder while I glanced around, the old man's breath blew them into a flame, and this he set to a rushlight, then turned that pale flame in my direction as he surveyed his guest from top to toe. I

bore the inspection with folded arms, and when he had done he said:

"Such thews and sinews, son, as show beneath that hempen shirt of yours, such breadth of shoulder and stalwartness can scarcely be nourished on evening dew and sad reflections. Have you eaten lately?"

"In truth, Sir, it was some time ago I last sat to meat," was my response; "and, whether it be our walk or the night-air, I could almost fancy your father's father might have shared that meal with me."

"Well, come, then, to the banquet-hall—the feast is spread, and, for guests, people these shadows with whom you will!" and, taking the rushlight from its socket and hobbling off in front, that strange host of mine led down the corridor to where a great archway led into the main chamber of the house.

It was as desolate and silent as every other place, vast, roomy, blank, and gloomy. All along one side were latticed windows looking out upon that dead garden, and the moonbeams coming through them threw faint reflections of escutcheon and painted glass upon the dusty floor. Here and there the panes were broken, and draughts from these swayed the frayed and tattered hangings with ghostly undulations—ah! and at the top of the room an open door, leading into unknown blackness, kept softly opening and shutting in the current as though, with melancholy monotony, it was giving admittance to unseen, voiceless company.

But nothing said my friend to excuse all this. He led up the long black table, with rows of seats and benches fit to seat an hundred guests, until at the lonely top he found and lit the four branches of a little oil lamp of green mouldy bronze, such as one takes from ancient crypts, and when the four little flames grew up smoky and dim they shone upon a napkin ready laid, a flask, a pitcher, and a plate, flanked by a horn-handled knife and spoon and an oaken salt-cellaret. Then the old carl next went to a cupboard in a niche, and brought out bread on a trencher, a cheese upon a round leaden dish, and a curious flask of old Italian wine. I stared at my host in wonder, for I could have sworn a Saxon hand had trimmed his knife and spoon, his lamp was Etruscan, as truly as I lived, though Heaven only knew how he came by it—and that pitcher—why, Jove! I knew the very Roman pottery marks upon it, the maker's sign and name—the very kiln that glazed it!

He laid a plate for me, and cut the loaf and filled our tankards, and—"Eat!" he said. "The feast is small, but we have that since the wise have told us would make a worse into a banquet."

"Thanks!" I said. "I have, in truth, sat to wider spreads, yet this is more than I could, a few short hours since, have reasonably hoped for." And so I began and broke his bread, and turned about the cheese and poured the wine, and made a very good repast out of such modest provender. But, as you may guess, between every mouthful I could not help looking up and about me—at the wise-mad features of that quaint old man, now far away and visionary, again lost in thought and fantasy; and then out through the broken mullions into that pallid garden of white spectral things and inky shadows lying so death-like in the moonshine; and so once more my eye would wander to the long sombre hall—the stately high-backed chairs all rickety and moth-eaten, and the door that gently opened now and then to admit the sighing of the night-wind, and nothing more!

Well! I will not weary you with experiences so empty. At last the most spectral meal that ever mortal sat to was over, and the old man roused himself, and, like one who comes reluctantly from deep thought, drained out his goblet to the dregs, and turned it down and swept the crumbs into his plate, and, standing up, said in somewhat friendly tone: "You will be weary, stranger guest, and mayhap I am to-night but a poor host. If it pleased you, I would show you to a chamber, which, though mayhap somewhat musty, like much else of mine, shall nevertheless be drier than yon couch of yours out there by the hazel thicket."

"Musty or not, good Sir, I do confess a bed will be welcome. It must be near four hundred years at least—that is to say, it must be very long, my sleepy eyes suggest—since I was lain on one."

"Come, then!"

"Yet half a minute, Sir, before we go. This garb of mine—I do not deign to advert to its poorness, for my own sake, but it does such small credit to your honour and hospitality. Fortune, in other times, gave me the right to wear the hoss and sartout of a gentleman—if you had such a livery by you."

The scholar thought a space, then bid me stay where I was, and took the rushlight and went down the passage. In a few minutes he was back, with a swayth of faded raiment upon his arm, and threw them down upon the bench.

"There, choose!" he cried. "It was like a young man, to think of to-morrow's clothing between supper-time and bed."

The raiment was as mysterious as everything else here about. It was all odds and ends, and quaint old fashions and tags of finery, the faded panoply of state and pride, the green vest of a forest ranger, the gaberdine of a marshal of the lists, suits for footmen with the devices I had seen upon the ruined gates worked on the front in golden thread, and some few courtly things, such as idle young lords will wear a day or two and then throw by to wear some newer.

Out of the latter I selected a suit that looked as though it would fit me, and, though a little crumpled, was still in reasonable condition. This vestment, after the fashion of the time, consisted of tight hose and much-puffed breeches, a fine silk waistcoat coming far down, and a loose and ample coat upon it, with wide shoulders and long tight sleeves. When I add this suit was of amber velvet, lined and puffed with primrose satin, you will understand that, saving the certain mouldiness about it I have mentioned, it was as good as any reasonable man could desire. I rolled it up, and put it under my arm, then turned to my host with something of a smile at the strangeness of it all.

"A supper, Sir," I said, "and shelter; a suit of velvet; and then a bed! Why, surely, this is rare civility between two chance companions met on a country road!"

"Ah!" answered the old man, "and if you were as old as I am, you would know it is rare, but that such things must, somehow, be paid for," and he eyed me curiously a moment from under those penthouse eyebrows. "Is there anything more you lack?" he continued. "To-night it is yours to ask, and mine to give."

"Since you put it to me, worthy host," I responded, "there is one other thing I need—something a soldier likes, whether it be in court or camp, in peaceful hall like this or on the ridges of dank battle-field—a straight, white comrade that I could keep close to me all day, a dear companion who would lie nigh by my side at night—believe me, I have never been without such."

"And believe me, young man, I cannot humour you. Fie! if that's your fancy, why did you leave you wanton camp? Gads! but they would have lined you there civilly enough, but I—What, do you think I can conjure you a pretty, painted leman for a plaything out of these black shadows all about us?"

Whereat I answered seriously, "You mistake my meaning, Sir. It was no gentle damsel that I needed, but such a companion as I have ever had—in brief, a weapon, a sword. It was only this I thought of."

I heard the old man mutter as he turned away—"A curse on young men and their wants—new suits, supper and wine, leman, weapons—oh! it's just the same with all of them," and he took the taper from the table and signed to me to follow.

He led me down the hall with its bare, cold flag-stones and sombre paneling dimly seen under the feeble gleaming light he carried, and in a few paces my grim host stopped and held that shine aloft. It shone redly on a tarnished trophy of arms, chain-mail, and helmets, whence he bid me choose whatever took my fancy, making the while small effort to hide his contempt for the obvious eagerness and pleasure with which I sampled that dusty hoard. After a minute or two I selected a strong Spanish blade, a little light and playful, perhaps, with golden arabesques all down it, and a pretty fluted hollow for the foeman's blood, and a chased love-knot at the hilt; yet, nevertheless, a good blade, and serviceable, with an edge as keen as a lover's eye, and a temper as true as ever was got into good steel, I thought, as I sprang it on the tiles, between hammer and anvil. This Toledo blade had a cover of black velvet, bound and hooped with silver bands, and a stout belt of like kind, nicely suiting that livery I carried upon my arm. I bound the sword about me, and, after being so long unweaponed, found it wondrous comfortable and pleasant wear.

"Now then, Sir Host," I cried, "lead on! If this chamber of thine were in the porch of paradise or in the nethermost pit of hell, I am equally ready to explore it."

Up the gloomy stairs we went, now to right and then to left, by corridors and passages, until the road we came was hopelessly mazed to me; and soon my host led to a wider, gloomier avenue of silent doorways than any we had passed.

"Choose!"—he laughed—"choose you a bed! Better men than you have lodged—and died—within these cheerful chambers." And that wild old man, with furrowed face and mad, sparkling eyes, seeming in that small round globe of light like some spectral remnant of the fortunes of his lonely house, opened door after door for me to note the grim black solitudes within. In every chamber hung the same staring portraits on the wall, cold, proud, dead eyes fixed hard upon you wherever you might look! on every rotten cornice were tattered hangings, half shrouding those dim cobwebbed windows that gazed so wistfully out upon the moonlit garden; and dusky panel doors and cupboard casements that gently creaked and moved upon the sighing draught till you could swear ghostly fingers played upon the latches; the same stern black furniture, crumbling and decayed, was in each set straight against the walls; the same cenotaph four-posted bedsteads with ruined tapestries and mouldy coverlets—"Choose," he laughed, with a horrid goblin laughter that rattled down the empty corridors—"my house is roomy, though the guests be few and silent."

But, in truth, there was little to choose where all was so alike. Therefore, and not to seem the least bit moved by all this dreadfulness, I threw down my borrowed clothes and rapier upon the settle in one of the first rooms we happened upon, and said: "Here, then, good host—and thanks for courteous harbourage! What time doth sound réveille—what time, I mean, doth thy household wake?"

"My household, stranger, sleeps on for ever. They will not wake for any mortal sunrise, and I spend the long night-hours in work and vigil"—and he looked at me with the gloomy fanaticism of an absent mind—"yet you must wake again," he went on after a minute. "I have something to ask thee to-morrow, perhaps something to show!"

"Why, then, until we meet again, Good-night and pleasant vigils, since it is to them you go."

"Good night, young man, and sober sleep! Remember this is no place to dream of tilts and tourneys, of lost causes or light leman love;" and, muttering to himself as he shuffled down the bare dusty floors, I heard him pass away from corridor to corridor, and flight to flight, until even that faint sound was swallowed by the cavernous silence of the sepulchral mansion, and night and impenetrable stillness fell on those empty stairways and gaunt voiceless rooms.

(To be continued.)

Ready December 1.

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MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"The Old, Old Tale" is a setting, by A. Behrend, of lines by E. Oxenford, in which the wholesome sentiment of the text is well expressed in flowing and pleasing vocal strains. Messrs. Patey and Willis are the publishers; as also of "The Flowing Tide," a pianoforte piece by J. F. Barnett, in which some agreeable melodic phrases are surmounted by a series of arpeggio passages, that are in pleasing contrast thereto. The same publishers also issue a bright and piquant song, "Betsy and I," words and music by that well-known song-composer the late Michael Watson.

Two pianoforte pieces by Gustav Ernst deserve commendation. They are respectively entitled "Lurline" and "Gondoliera" (No. 2). The first offers a series of melodious passages, interwoven with florid surroundings, which produce a brilliant and varied effect, and form useful practice for the acquirement of executive facility. The second of the pieces now referred to is in a flowing style, with occasional passages of embellishment that relieve it from monotony. Mr. Charles Woolhouse is the publisher.

"When you slept" is the English title of a characteristic song by Halldan Kjerulf, whose vocal pieces have lately attracted much notice. The words of the song are given in this edition, both in the original German and in an English version written by Theo. Marzials. Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co. are the publishers, as likewise of two mazurkas composed by Señor Albeniz, the accomplished Spanish pianist whose performances have recently made him favourably known here. The pieces now referred to have much distinctive character, although written in a form that has been extensively used.

"Child's Play" is the title of a series of six little pianoforte pieces by J. P. Attwater. They are very melodious in style, and contain passages which, without being difficult, are calculated to lead the pupil towards the accomplishment of more abstruse forms. The pieces are supplied with copious indications of the fingering, and are well adapted for teaching purposes. Messrs. Willcocks and Co. are the publishers.

A song by Ernest Birch, and one by A. D. Duvivier, merit commendation. The first-named gentleman has gained much favourable notice by his musical accomplishments, and the song now referred to is not unworthy of him. It is entitled "A Vanished Face," and is a setting of some sentimental lines by Clifton Bingham. The vocal portion consists of clearly rhythmic phrases, with an alternation of common time and six-eight. The other song now referred to is a setting of lines by Bulwer Lytton, a "Moorish Serenade." The melody, while clear and distinct in rhythmical phrasing, has also much distinctive character. Mr. J. J. Hopkinson is the publisher.

"Mine Again," words by Jessie Moir, music by F. L. Moir, is a song in which unpretending simplicity has not induced inexpressive commonplace. It is pleasing both in the sentiment of the text and the melodiousness of the music. Messrs. Ascherberg and Co. are the publishers.

"The Vesper Voluntaries" are pieces for the organ, harmonium, or American organ. Upwards of twenty numbers have been issued by the publishers, Messrs. Osborn and Tuckwood. No. 27 contains thirteen original pieces by J. E. Newell. They are in various forms and styles, are well written for the instruments for which they are intended, and are calculated both for practice and for use in religious service.

As Lord Lieutenant of the county, Earl Beauchamp on Nov. 6 unveiled the Jubilee statue of the Queen erected in front of the Shire Hall, Worcester. The memorial is the work of Mr. Brock, and has cost about £1700. The noble Earl was received by a military escort, and in his address he dwelt upon the progress of art, education, and industry during her Majesty's reign. The High Sheriff (Mr. W. Jones) and the Chairman of the County Council (Mr. Hastings, M.P.) formally accepted the statue. The city was gaily decorated.

Mr. Dickinson of Heeley, who accompanied the members of the Iron and Steel Institute on their recent visit to America, has been communicating to his friends in Sheffield some of his observations. The little party was hospitably welcomed, and not a single firm refused to allow them to inspect their works. Mr. Dickinson considers that the Sheffield workmen are, as a rule, quite equal, if not superior, in ability to their American rivals, but such inducements have been offered that in the principal works in the United States the managers and best workmen are Englishmen.

The North Staffordshire Technical Museum of Science and Art was opened at Hanley on Nov. 6 by the Earl of Dartmouth, Lord Lieutenant of the county, acting for Princess Louise. The principal speaker was Mr. Woodall, M.P., who has rendered invaluable service in the projection of the museum. It was opened with a fine collection of pictures and art works, being particularly rich in antiques and old pottery. A case containing three splendid examples of Sévres ware was contributed by the Queen from the Buckingham Palace collection. The picture galleries have been enriched by a contribution of twelve important works by Mr. G. F. Watts. The collection contains a fair representation of the work of many modern artists, the assemblage of water-colours being particularly fine.

The first of a series of War Games was played in the Banqueting Hall, St. James's Palace, on Nov. 6, by the officers of the Guards. The game occupied some hours, and excited much interest. The idea of the contest was that an invading army, having landed at Dover and invested Chatham, worked westwards, in order to seize the railway system at Redhill before attacking London. The manoeuvres of the invaders and defenders were for the advantageous positions between Sevenoaks and Caterham. General Clive and General Philip Smith, with Colonel Sterling, Coldstream Guards, acted as umpires; Colonel Salmond, R.E., commanded the attacking artillery; while the invading forces were under the direction of Colonel Stracey, Scots Guards.

Ready November 24.

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THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT BERLIN.

The marriage, on Nov. 18, of her Royal Highness Princess Victoria of Prussia, sister of the Emperor William II. of Germany, and granddaughter of our Queen Victoria, is an event of some interest to the English nation. Princess Frederica Amelia Wilhelmina Victoria was born at Potsdam, April 12, 1866, fourth child and second daughter of the late Emperor Frederick III., and of the Empress Victoria, Princess Royal of Great Britain. Her elder sister, Princess Charlotte, born in 1860, was married in 1878 to the Hereditary Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Meiningen; and she has two younger sisters, Princess Sophia Dorothea and Princess Margaret.

Prince Adolf William Victor of Schaumburg-Lippe, born July 20, 1859, is youngest son of the reigning Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, and his mother was daughter of the late Prince of Walbeck and Pyrmont; he is an officer of the Prussian Army. The two Portraits are from a photograph by W. Höfft, Berlin.

A new public hall at Liskeard was opened on Nov. 6 by the Earl of St. Germans and Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., in the presence of a large company.

THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

Do not fear, reader. I am not going to explain my views of the solar system; indeed, so great is my ignorance of the loftiest of all sciences, and so strong my reverence for its professors, that even the presence of an astronomer has generally had the effect of benumbing the few faculties which my friends give me credit for possessing. To hear a man talk of the Milky Way as though he had been suckled in it, of comets with tails and comets which, like Manx cats, are deprived of that appendage, to learn the readiness with which on a clear night he can travel myriads of miles far more easily than a witch ever travelled on a broomstick, to hear him alluding almost disrespectfully to falling stars, or chatting about the spots in the sun in the familiar tone with which you or I might speak of the blemish or defect in a friend's face—is enough to make an ignorant man lose his spirit altogether.

But these remarks will supply a text for my paper. The astronomer lives in a world of his own, spacious in one respect, probably contracted in another; and what I wish to point out and to dwell upon for awhile is the number of worlds into which society is divided—worlds so distinct in some cases that the inhabitants might almost as well belong to different

planets. A professional man has a language of his own, which those outside his circle understand imperfectly or not at all. He has sometimes no conception how little meaning his ideas convey to the uninitiated. His world, interesting though it be, contains, probably, not a single inhabitant on the other side of the street, and he must go elsewhere for the society in which he is understood. A great engineer is one of the ablest of men, but his world, as an engineer, is as distinct as the world of farmers, whose talk is of crops and oxen, or as that of the sailor, who lives more upon sea than upon shore. A mathematician finds an exhaustless interest in the science that he loves, and so does a botanist in his, but the paths of the two through life have no meeting-point.

The distinguished man in one department does not even know what the great man in another is doing. "Dr. Lindley surprised me," Crabb Robinson wrote, "by saying that he knew Goethe only as a botanist, in which character he thought most highly of him, he being the author of the 'New System of Botany.'" That is a characteristic story, and equally so is the tale of the old Cumberland dame who said, upon hearing of Wordsworth's death, that no doubt his widow would carry on the business. When Sir Walter Scott was living, there were lawyers in the Courts of Edinburgh who knew him only as



THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT BERLIN: PRINCESS VICTORIA OF PRUSSIA AND PRINCE ADOLF OF SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE.

Sheriff of Selkirkshire and Clerk of Session; of the other and larger world in which he lived they knew nothing. Scott, by the way, was at home everywhere, and his large heart and comprehensive intellect found food for thought and joy in every kind of social life. To live in more worlds than one needs imagination and sympathy, and these are rare gifts. It is easy to say with Terence that, to a man, nothing which concerns the human race is without interest; but now, reader, let me ask you, who are, let us suppose, a worthy Alderman of London, how you would like to live for one week in the thieves' world of the Metropolis; or, if you devote your life to theology with the ardour of a Lightfoot, whether you would find the theatrical world congenial; or whether, with the simple habits of a country lover and worshipper of nature, who brushes

With hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn,

you would like to be suddenly transported into a world of Court etiquette and of wearisome formalities?

There are worlds so technical that an outsider suddenly thrust into one of them has not a word to say; worlds so narrow that if brought up in a freer atmosphere he will find it difficult to breathe; worlds so frivolous and vain that it would be charitable to imagine that the people who fill them are fairy-born and have no moral responsibility.

Every form of art has its world, that of music being

perhaps one of the narrowest—but of this I am not certain—and that of literature the most expansive. To literature, indeed, all human greatness is indebted. What should we know of the deeds that kindle admiration and emulation still, if it were not for letters? Where would the heroes be with their deeds of valour and self-sacrifice?

In vain they fought, in vain they bled,
They had no poet, and are dead.

"Fame depends on literature," said Scott, and this is one reason why the literary profession covers so wide a range, for by the pen all other noble work is, in a measure, recorded. Books appeal to everyone, and their authors, if worth their salt, do not write for a clique. "The world is all before them where to choose," and there are no limits to their choice. Nature speaks to them with many voices—now with infinite sweetness, now with stormy power, now with the love that softens and purifies, and now with the divine energy that braces the heart. History speaks also with her deeds of infamy or goodness, and her heroes pass before the chronicler in procession, some dim and ghost-like as the shades that surrounded Dante in Purgatory, and some with a distinctness of form and colour which Time has been unable to fade. Love, too, has its moments of inspiration, when the ear listens to notes of music, and the pen, imbued as though by magic, falls into the rhythm of song. Yes! Literature is a world, but it is one so wide, so beautiful, so fresh, with the breezes and

light of heaven, that one does not like to think there is any part of it, city or mountain, valley or stream, woodland or meadow, which is not to all human hearts a "home and happy haven." Yet we know, alas! that this vast world, or, to keep within narrower limits, our English portion of it, is as little known to thousands of Englishmen as the language of Confucius or the literature of the Vedas. He who has travelled much in this glorious country will not therefore care to speak of it often in general society. His allusions will be misunderstood, and he too, like the specialist in science or philosophy, must go for sympathy and inspiration to those who are living in the world he loves the best. On listening to the after-dinner talk that may have been accidentally started about the merit of great and small authors, the man to whom literature is the joy of life feels much as Sir Joshua Reynolds felt about the trivial art-gossips of his day:

When they talked of their Raffaels Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

J. D.

New and handsome municipal buildings were opened, on Nov. 6, at Sunderland by Mr. R. Shadforth, the Mayor. At noon a procession of Mayors and Town Clerks of the neighbouring towns with the principal local public bodies marched from the old Council Chamber to the new buildings, which the Mayor formally opened; and in the evening a banquet was given by the Mayor.



JAPANESE MUSICIANS.

BY H. HOMPHREY MOORE.

JAPANESE MUSICIANS.

The pleasing manners and accomplishments of the young ladies of Japan have often been remarked by travellers, and have been illustrated by European and American artists in their sketches of that country and people. The commonest of musical instruments is the "samisen," or three-stringed guitar, which almost every Japanese girl can play. Much more difficult to learn is the use of the "koto," a kind of zither, with thirteen strings, which is laid on the floor, and the player lies down beside it to finger the strings. The "biwa," a mandoline with four strings, is preferred by old people. The class of professional musicians called "Geishas," including female singers, rank next to the actors and actresses, but are not held in high social esteem. Some of them visited Europe at the late Paris Universal Exhibition.

THE "RELIEF" OF EMIN PASHA.

Several different books have recently been published, containing the statements of members of the Expedition, commanded by Mr. H. M. Stanley, which brought Emin Pasha down from the Upper White Nile and Lake Albert Nyanza to the eastern seacoast at Bagamoyo, towards the end of last year. Allegations have also been made, in personal interviews between Mr. Stanley and some newspaper correspondents, and in like manner by one or two of the officers who served under him, which will have to be carefully examined. They relate to the management of the rearguard column, left at Yambuya, on the Aruwimi, under command of the late Major Edmund Barttelot, from June 28, 1887, and found in a miserable condition at Banalya, with Mr. Bonny, on Aug. 17, 1888. We have Major Barttelot's "Diaries and Letters," edited by his brother; Mr. J. Rose Troup's narrative of what he saw at Yambuya, up to the first week of June 1888; and a few pages of Mr. Herbert Ward's book, "Five Years on the Congo," relating his experiences in that camp to the same date. Mrs. Jameson is about to publish the diaries and letters of her late husband, who was second in command under Major Barttelot, and who left the rearguard of the expedition on Aug. 25, Major Barttelot having been killed on July 19. It would seem that Mr. Stanley's first and chief informant of what had been done in his absence was Mr. Bonny, who has written an account which appears in the *Times* of Nov. 10. As grievous imputations on the conduct and characters of several persons, living and dead, are involved in the controversy raised by Mr. Stanley's statements at Liverpool and at New York, we think it right to defer a review of either of those books until the whole of the available evidence, including that of Mr. Jameson and Assad Faran, is made public. But no such reserve is needful with regard to the very interesting volume, "Emin Pasha, and the Rebellion at the Equator," by Mr. A. J. Mounteney-Jephson, which Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have just issued, with an introductory letter by Mr. Stanley; for it has nothing to do with any censures or complaints of the behaviour of members of the Expedition.

It is a perfectly straightforward narrative of Mr. Jephson's own experiences and observations from April 21, 1888, when he embarked on Lake Albert Nyanza to meet Emin Pasha, to Feb. 18, 1889, when Emin Pasha had finally joined the Relief Expedition, which on that day had fully reassembled, Lieutenant Stairs, Captain Nelson, and Dr. Parke having brought in their men and stores from the Ituri. During this period of nearly ten months, the author had been continually engaged, by Mr. Stanley's appointment, in services entirely different from those of the rest of the Expedition. He had already borne his full share, of which he modestly says not a word, in the labours, hardships, and perils of the horrible five months' march through the tropical forest, and the conflicts with hostile native tribes. Mr. Jephson's special mission was to accompany Emin Pasha to visit, as far as possible, all the Egyptian military stations on the Upper White Nile, as well as on the shores of Lake Albert Nyanza, to explain to the garrisons what was the object of Mr. Stanley's Expedition, and to arrange, with Emin Pasha and his officers, the means of bringing down to Mr. Stanley as many of those people as wished to leave the country. It was a very difficult task, in any case; and the mutiny of Emin's troops, on Aug. 13, followed by a general rebellion in those provinces, and by the advance of the Mahdi's hostile army from the north, put the lives of Emin Pasha and Mr. Jephson in danger. They were closely imprisoned, at Dufilé, until Nov. 17, and were under sentence of death, if they had been overtaken, more than two months afterwards, on the shores of the Lake, within easy reach of the rebels who had steam-boats to pursue them. Mr. Jephson performed his part, throughout these transactions, with equal courage and discretion, and with perfect fidelity to the spirit of his instructions, also with forbearance and good temper in a very trying position.

But there are certain deficiencies, which it was, perhaps, not Mr. Jephson's business to supply, and which may already have occurred to readers of Mr. Stanley's book "In Darkest Africa," concerning the real history of this so-called Emin Pasha "Relief" Expedition. Why and how, and from what, Emin Pasha was to be relieved, in February 1887, when the Expedition left England, has never been clearly explained. He wanted a supply of ammunition and other stores; he also wanted the reopening of his former route of intercourse with the east coast, through Unyoro, where the native King, the notorious Kabba Regga, had become hostile, and through Uganda, on the north-west shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, where a faction adverse to European residents, especially to the excellent Christian missionaries, had brought about a sort of revolution. Emin Pasha had ruled the Equatorial provinces of the Soudan twelve years, and during five years after the Mahdi had cut off all communication with Egypt by the Nile. He had defeated and repelled the enemy, had won the affection of his native subjects, had protected them, and greatly improved their condition; extending cultivation, managing his revenues thriflily, and keeping the southern stations, Wadelai and Dufilé and others, in beautiful order. The 2nd Battalion of Soudanese troops, by whom he was surrounded, was then faithful and obedient; but among the 1st Battalion, at Rejaf, some three hundred miles down the Nile to the north, there was some discontent stirred up by the intrigues of Egyptian officers. The mutiny and rebellion of August 1888 arose from a special cause. Emin, however, felt quite at home and safe at Wadelai, where he lived in plenty and comfort. He had always declared that he would not leave the country, and had promised his people to stay with them. But it was thought likely that the Egyptian and Coptic clerks and a few other civilians, and some of the officers, Egyptians or Arabs, of the Soudanese troops, would like to depart. The Khedive's Government at Cairo, having formally relinquished its dominion of the Soudan before Gordon went to Khartoum for the last time, gave them permission to come home if they chose. The sum of £10,000 was granted for this purpose. Emin Pasha was told, by letters from the Khedive and from the Prime Minister, Nubar Pasha, that he was free to go or to stay.

Now, it is quite certain that Emin Pasha was minded to stay where he was, and that his friends in Europe, when they

asked for some assistance to be given him, towards the end of 1886, meant that supplies should be sent to him from the east coast, which could have been done, it was reckoned, in five months, taking measures to conciliate the rulers of Uganda and Unyoro. It was not then contemplated that an expedition fitted out at Zanzibar, sent all round Africa by sea, should ascend the Congo fifteen hundred miles, should then march through an utterly unknown forest, struggle on to Lake Albert Nyanza, leaving the main part of its stores to be lost at Yambuya; should get to Emin, a twelvemonth after its start from Zanzibar, and bring him down to the coast, after three years, much against his will. Why was all this done?

The determination to take the Congo route was imposed on the Emin Pasha Relief Committee by the will of the President of the Congo Free State, the King of the Belgians, when he allowed Mr. Stanley, an officer of the Congo Free State, to become leader of the expedition. Now, we find in this book of Mr. Jephson's, who must have had many long conversations with Emin, that Mr. Stanley made Emin, successively, "three propositions." It would be curious to learn their purport. Is it true, as has recently been stated, that the first was an offer to Emin, from King Leopold, of the Governorship of the Equatorial Nile provinces, with a subsidy of £12,000 a year, if he would transfer them to the Congo Free State? And that the second was from the leading members of the "Relief" Committee, as Directors of the new British East Africa Company, offering Emin a salary of £3000 a year to rule those coveted territories on that Company's behalf? The third proposal, as Mr. Jephson tells us, was that Emin should take his people and settle them at Kavirondo, on the Victoria Nyanza, where he could be supplied with stores from the coast. That would be a likely way of recovering his former position with a road through Uganda and Unyoro, to the advantage of the British East Africa Company. We wish this plan had been carried into effect; but why have Mr. Stanley and the Committee never said anything about it?

With regard to the ivory, the property of the Khedive, which Emin had collected at Wadelai and at another station, there was no mistake about its value. Mr. Jephson saw it, and was told by Emin that it was worth £75,000, at the rate of eight shillings a pound, but, the price at the coast being twelve shillings, its real value, if carried down, would be £112,000. The Emin Pasha Relief Committee had stipulated, through our Foreign Office, that the Egyptian Government should allow the repayment of their expenditure from the value of this ivory. We are sure that Mr. Jephson and Mr. Jameson, each of whom contributed £1000 to the fund, had no interested motive. Both laboured gallantly, and risked their lives: one lost his life in the service. But we think Mr. Jephson, in his concluding chapter, fails to appreciate the noble disinterestedness of Emin Pasha, whose character, morally, stands as high as that of Gordon. He is no soldier, but he is none the less a hero, though he has preferred German to British employment. All the narrative part of Mr. Jephson's book is excellent, and it is all his own personal testimony, relating adventures and experiences of the strongest interest. The judgment passed on Emin is a matter of opinion. If Emin was so weak, so vacillating, and so wanting in "moral courage," why did they offer him a large salary to remain there as ruler for the British East Africa Company? Emin's troops had mutinied and rebelled, in August 1888, because they were reluctant to be carried away from a country where they had settled as privileged military colonists. He who had alone kept them in obedience, during five years of utter separation from his Government, could not be an inefficient commander. Would Gordon or Baker have done more? Did not Gordon fail to control his Soudanese garrison at Khartoum? There is a limit to mere personal ascendancy, when deprived of external support, having no means to reward or to punish.

NEW BOOKS.

Life, Letters, and Diaries of Sir Stafford Northcote, first Earl of Iddesleigh. By Andrew Lang. Two vols. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)—The credit allowed by contemporary and impartial observers of Parliament to the Conservative Opposition Leaders, from 1847 to 1874, for a generally fair and temperate conduct of the usual game of rival parties, must be divided between Mr. Disraeli and Sir Stafford Northcote. This acknowledgment, on the part of Liberals who afterwards supported Mr. Gladstone's Administration of 1880, will not be supposed to imply any condonation of the factious and obstructive proceedings of the degenerate Opposition, when, exasperated by the overthrow of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, its furious assaults on measures actually in progress, for the settlement of Ireland and of Egypt, were carried on with reckless disregard of the authority of the State. Under the Ministries of Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell, on the contrary, there was among Conservative politicians, in both Houses, a degree of self-control, with proper deference to the official responsibility of the advisers of the Crown, and with care for the national interests, especially in our foreign relations, which was honourable to a party then seldom in power. Sir Stafford Northcote, as a member of Parliament, and occasionally in the work of administration and in Cabinet Councils—at the Board of Trade in 1866, at the India Office in 1867 and 1868, and as Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1874 to 1880—performed his part in a manner serviceable to the collective reputation of Conservative politicians. As a Peelite, and as a pupil of Mr. Gladstone, he had acquired faculties of public business, a knowledge of finance, and an initiation into the principles of political economy in which most of his associates were deficient; he was a consistent advocate of Free Trade, he could dissect or prepare a Budget, and his Liberal sentiments were not disguised.

This biography of an estimable and amiable public man, who scarcely attained the highest rank as a statesman, but whose example, not less than his respectable achievements, was useful to his country, does not seem to us of much value as a contribution to the history of the times; but the personal character of Sir Stafford Northcote is faithfully and vividly portrayed. The author, Mr. Andrew Lang, as a literary scholar and discursive writer of proved ability, could not fail to put the book together in a workmanlike fashion; and a few passages, in the introductory and the concluding chapter, and the comments on the domestic habits of a worthy Devonshire country gentleman in his rural home, on Sir Stafford's taste for literature, his essays, lectures, and sportive verses, are very aptly and gracefully introduced. Indeed, the opening pages, which present a moral portrait of the man viewed in his whole life, are a fine specimen of classical style. But Mr. Andrew Lang, like Mr. Froude, has no patience with the intricacies, incoherencies, and vacillations of modern Parliamentary politics, which must be the ingredients of his narrative if he would show the figure of a member of the House of Commons rising to the position of a Cabinet Minister and Leader of that House. All that belongs to public history is treated not merely with allusive brevity, but superficially and slightly, as though

by a writer who had never cared to study and understand current public affairs. Instead of analytical explanation, we have summaries or extracts of speeches in debate, or long epistles, which are rather poor reading. To make amends, we have the private letters of Sir Stafford to Lady Northcote, and parts of his diaries, which describe what he saw in his travels; in Canada and the United States, when he arranged the territorial cession of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1869, and when, in 1871, he negotiated the reference of the Alabama claims to arbitration; besides more than one yachting cruise to the Mediterranean, and his experiences at the opening of the Suez Canal. These observations are characteristic enough, but present nothing of much originality in reflection or novelty of subject. We bid farewell to the late Lord Iddesleigh, whose sudden death, in January 1887, closely following his resignation of the Foreign Secretaryship, was universally deplored. His memory will long be cherished in private and public esteem. This biography contains some readable matter; but the author had the disadvantage of not being initiated—as many a newspaper journalist, Gallery reporter, or Lobby correspondent may be—in the peculiar habits of the House of Commons. Mr. Andrew Lang, however, is such an accomplished classical scholar and University man that one is surprised to find him repeatedly misquoting both English and Latin poets. He makes a dreadful hash of his Horace:

Me mihi plando,
Quum nummos contemplor in arca.

Sacred and Shakespearian Affinities: Being Analogies between the Writings of the Psalmists and of Shakespeare. By Charles Alfred Swinburne. (Bickers and Son.)—"Shakespeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible," a critical treatise published in 1854 by Dr. Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, was a good literary precedent for Mr. Swinburne's undertaking, which is to display, in numerous citations from our great poet, set among verses of the Psalter, the effect of reminiscences of Scriptural ideas and sayings on Shakespeare's vein of thought. It would have been impossible for any Englishman of the sixteenth century, whether Catholic or Puritan—Shakespeare was neither, but he doubtless went to church with his neighbours—not to think and speak a good deal in the Biblical manner; and Shakespeare, though possibly sceptical with regard to theology, had as much religious sentiment as Milton. A reflecting examination and comparison of the parallel passages arrayed together in this volume has not convinced us that, in the majority of these instances, Shakespeare distinctly recollects and consciously imitates a particular sentence or phrase of the Hebrew sacred singers; but he could not escape the influence of unconscious remembrance. We cannot help, without being aware of it, using the thoughts and words of Shakespeare himself, and similarly of the Bible, in our ordinary discourse: every speech in Parliament, or on the platform, contains some expressions, similitudes, or metaphors that could be traced to those sources. Mr. Swinburne, however, does not pretend to start a positive theory of the formation of Shakespeare's mental habit, or of his style of writing; and we have already had more than enough of such disquisitions, besides the wild fancies of the Baconian sect. The contents of this volume, being compounded of brief extracts from the grandest religious poetry that ever was composed, and from the best and greatest of all dramatic poets, cannot fail to be inspiring, profitable, and delightful. Mr. Swinburne does not disturb the reading of them jointly by any comment of his own, but here and there, in a footnote, explains some obsolete word. His preface is a scholarly essay on the Temple at Jerusalem, and on the authorship and compilation of the Book of Psalms.

The Life of Robert Schumann, Told in his Letters. Translated by May Herbert. Two vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—The biography of eminent musical composers, as of other artists, has an interest derived not only from public gratitude for the abiding pleasure which is afforded by their works, but in many cases also from the revelation of a personal temperament endowed with peculiar sensibility, and with lively social sympathies, essentially human, therefore all the more truly artistic; for the genius of Art, as of Poetry, has much affinity with a readiness to indulge noble and generous emotions. Schumann, who died at Bonn in 1856, after suffering years of mental depression resulting in hopeless insanity, has long been highly appreciated in England, owing partly to the frequent admirable performances of his orchestral works at the Crystal Palace, and still more to the esteem gained here by Madame Schumann, his widow, one of the most accomplished of pianoforte-players, often heard at the Monday Popular Concerts. A translation of some of his private letters written in early youth, published in 1888, was received with sufficient favour to justify the appearance of this extensive and practically complete series, rendered into pleasant English, with entire fidelity to the original, by Miss Herbert, from the collection edited by F. Gustav Jansen, with Madame Schumann's assistance, four years ago. The letters, exceeding three hundred in number, some of them being short notes, cover nearly twenty-six years of Schumann's life, from the time of his being a law student at Leipzig, where he met Fräulein Clara Wieck, the young lady he afterwards married, to January 1854, when he had been three or four years settled at Düsseldorf in the office of Kapelmeister. His frank and affectionate disposition is vividly expressed in the artless correspondence with many friends whose names we had not known before; those of Moscheles, Mendelssohn, F. Hiller, Joachim, and others, with whom he became well acquainted, are famous all over Europe. As the editor, from 1834 to 1844, of the Leipzig "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," Schumann, with his able contributors, did much to form an instructed critical taste for music of the modern German school. Readers who have sufficient knowledge of its science and art to understand the analytical treatises furnished in the programmes at the Crystal Palace and at St. James's Hall—a small proportion, we suppose, of the ordinary London audiences—will certainly be edified by Schumann's remarks on the various compositions, then quite novel in form and style, produced during that fruitful period. Apart from the value of these passing comments as materials for the modern history of music, the personal character of Schumann is agreeably shown in his domestic and social relations. His cordial admiration of all that he found good in the works of others is especially pleasing, and some of the latest letters, towards the end of 1853, hail with enthusiasm, as a "young eagle," the powerful new composer, Johannes Brahms, in whose success he was actively interested. All the correspondence here published is cheerful in spirit, with no sign of the melancholy that afflicted Schumann at the close of his life. This book wants an index.

On the recommendation of the Secretary for Scotland, the Queen has approved of the appointment of Mr. Andrew Graham Murray, advocate, to be Sheriff of Perthshire, in the room of Sir Charles John Pearson, who has been appointed her Majesty's Solicitor-General for Scotland.

THE CEYLON VOLUNTEERS IN CAMP.

The Ceylon Volunteers, under the command of Colonel Clarke, marched on Sept. 22 to their first camp of exercise, at Urungasmanhanduja, eleven miles from Alutgama, the nearest railway station. The march-out was a trying one, in the hot noonday sun, and the new boots just issued to the men added to the trial. The camp, which looked like a well-arranged native village, was constructed of huts thatched with dry cocoa-nut leaves, perfectly waterproof and very cool. It stood on a gentle declivity at the angle formed by the junction of two roads. Ample accommodation was provided for the 540 men of all ranks, composing one battery of artillery and one battalion of infantry, including Hospital Corps. The men were instructed in minor tactics for one week, the country around affording excellent fighting ground. The camp was formed at the suggestion of the governor, Sir Arthur Havelock, and under the directions of the officer commanding the volunteers, both of whom have expressed their satisfaction with the general conduct of the men. Our Illustrations are from sketches by Mr. W. W. Beling, of the Survey Department at Colombo. They represent various incidents of camp life and field practice; also, the arrest of a rash newspaper correspondent, who gave a wrong countersign and was made prisoner, during the night attack; and some of the camp sports and amusements, in which men disguised themselves as elephants and other animals, for the diversion of their comrades.

IMPRESSIONS OF MILAN.

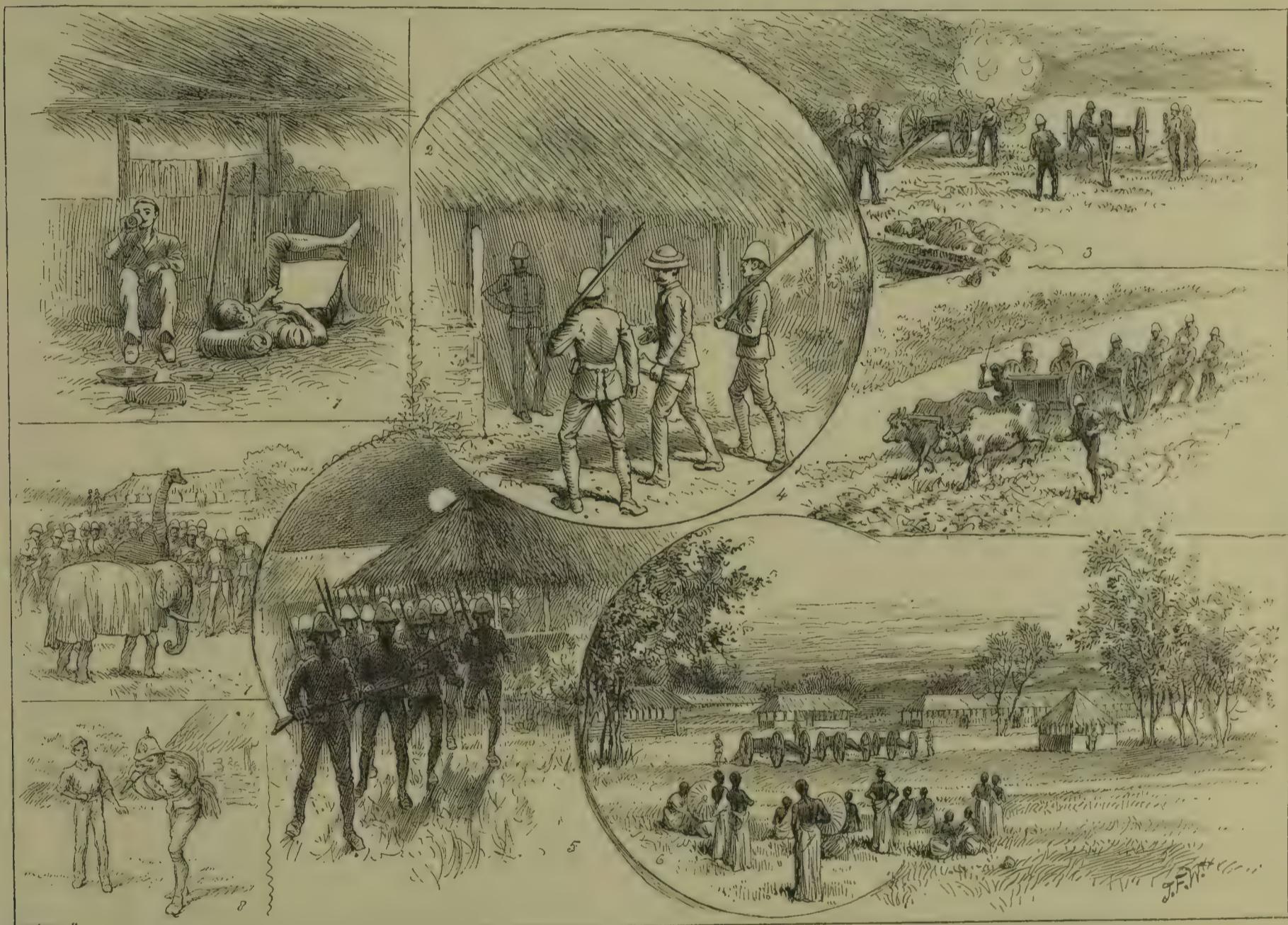
The afternoon was still bright when we arrived at Milan, surnamed the Grand. Having secured rooms at the Hotel of the Three Lions, our first impulse was to see the cathedral, justly regarded by the Milanese as the eighth wonder of the world. A turning in the street speedily brought us in sight of this glorious building, the largest church in Europe next to St. Peter's at Rome, and the cathedral at Seville. There it stood, cruciform in shape, irregular in design, yet a marvel of beauty, its slender and graceful tower surmounted by a gilded figure of Maria Nascente cleaving the clear line of an opal-hued, cloud-swept sky: its vast dome, Gothic turrets, delicate traceries, and crowds of statues all rising like a forest of white marble in upper air, and glowing in the red gold warmth of a setting sun.

Wordless from wonderment, full of rejoicing, we hastened to the principal entrance, and, leaving the Renaissance ornamentation of the façade for further examination, entered the cathedral; stepping from a world of brightness, noise, and life into an atmosphere of solemnity, shadow, and silence. For awhile, as we stood beside the eleventh-century sarcophagus of Archibishop Aribert, nothing was perceptible in the pervading gloom save giant pillars and great aisles stretching into space and losing themselves in darkness and distance. Then as the eye travelled upward through the lofty transept, and onward into sombreness, the faint yellow flames of flickering lamps were seen suspended in mid-air

before the high altar and above the shrine of St. Charles Borromeo.

A faint odour of incense hung in the breathless atmosphere, reminding one of the mystic rites here celebrated; impressions of admiration gave place to awe; for here dwelt that abiding sense of profound mystery which is the heart of all old religions: that indescribable air of solemnity that subdued the senses and soothed the souls of humble worshippers and prayerful penitents in the dead ages, that yet exercise their subtle influences and upraising forces in a century of strife, in a world of unrest.

By-and-by as our sight grew accustomed to the dim light, objects around us became clearer to view, and the noble proportions and great beauty of the cathedral unfolded themselves, taking shape and form as if gradually growing from out a mist. Then our tread on the marble mosaics of many colours faintly echoing, we went forward, passing richly sculptured decorations of doors and altars, windows Grecian and Gothic, rectangular and plain, monuments of churchmen and heroes, the wooden crucifix which Charles Borromeo carried when barefooted he traversed the city by day and by night, tending the plague-stricken and burying the dead, until at last we stood before a ghastly statue of the sixteenth century, representing St. Bartholomew flayed, with his skin thrown across his shoulders. Then, as we reached the ambulatory behind the high altar, we saw three vast windows filled with coloured glass all aglow with the last rays of the setting



1. Breakfast in a Sergeant's Hut.

5. Volunteers sallying for Night Attack.

2. A Special Correspondent under arrest.

6. General View of the Camp.

3. Artillery Practice.

7. and 8. Sports in Camp.

4. Gun drawn by Bullocks.

CAMPING OUT OF THE CEYLON VOLUNTEERS.

sun. The pictures they contain were executed during the present century by Alois and Giovanni Bertini, and number 350 representations of Scriptural subjects, mainly copied from the canvases of old masters. Their richness and lustre were thrown into relief by surrounding twilight, and their reflection fell upon the marble floor like jewels scattered by some modern Magi.

Presently seen under the pale light of the stars, with its glitter of white marble turrets, marvellous traceries, and countless figures, the cathedral seemed more aerial than earthly, something too delicate for the handiwork of man, the creation of a poet's dream. Next day we mounted to the roof and towers, the latter, which is 360 ft. above the pavement, being reached by 194 steps inside and 300 steps outside the building. The scene which bursts upon the view is wonderful. Immediately below lies the city, its buildings looking dwarfed and insignificant, its inhabitants moving to and fro like ants. Beyond stretches the fertile plain of Lombardy smiling in the sun, far away are the Apennines, steep like battlements; Mont Blanc and the Great St. Bernard, snow-capped; the Bernese Alps; the summits of St. Gothard and Splügen, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, and Mount Cenis. Statues of saints and martyrs adorn the roof to the number of 2000, among them being the great Napoleon, who in 1805 caused the building which had been stopped in troubled times to be resumed; a tower to be added to the dome, and a representation of himself to be placed among the wise and just whose names are hallowed.

The city of Milan, which under the Romans was one of the largest in Italy, was destroyed in the twelfth century by Frederic Barbarossa, and afterwards rebuilt, since which it has seen various fortunes, having fallen into the hands of the

Spaniards, the French, and the Austrians. It is now one of the most flourishing towns in the kingdom. Handsome and spacious buildings, wide and well-paved thoroughfares, have risen on the sites of narrow streets and unsavoury lanes, while an air of prosperity is in the atmosphere. Once the residence of Leonardo da Vinci and Bramante, it possessed a reputation as patron of the arts which it has never wholly lost, though its present generation of artists have sadly degenerated from the traditions and models of their own nation to copy the flashy vagaries of the French school. The chief art treasures the city contains are Raphael's "Sposalizio," preserved in the picture gallery Palazzo delle Scienze ed Arte, and Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," the chief work he accomplished during his stay in Milan. This was executed for the monks belonging to the monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazie, a building now used as a cavalry barrack. The famous picture was painted in oils upon an end wall, thirty feet long, of a room once the refectory of the monastery, afterwards utilised by the French as a stable. Napoleon's soldiers are accused of having used the picture as a target, singling out in wantonness, irreverence, and vandalism certain heads at which to fire. Ill-usage and damp have destroyed it, parts having peeled away, the colours laid on three hundred years ago being now dingy; but sufficient remains to show the genius of the mind that conceived and the cunning of the hand that painted the work, which the Italian Government is glad to exhibit at a lira a head.

The church of St. Ambrogio, founded in the fourth century by him whose name it bears, upon the ruins of a temple of Bacchus, is in itself a storehouse of antiquity. Here it was the Lombard Kings and German Emperors were formerly crowned with the iron crown, consisting of a broad hoop of gold adorned with many precious stones, round the interior of

which runs a thin strip of iron made from a nail of the true cross, brought by the Empress Helena from Palestine. And here likewise was St. Augustine baptised. Its gates are said to be those St. Ambrose closed on the Emperor Theodosius after the horrible massacre of Thessalonica, in 389. Its Byzantine mosaics on gold backgrounds belong to the ninth century, and are earlier than those at St. Mark's, and in a better state of preservation; while a brazen serpent on a column in the nave is declared to be the same which Moses raised in the wilderness; it being given in the year 1001 to Archbishop Arnulphus by the Emperor of the East, who avowed it was the same on which the children of Israel had

J. F. M.

At St. George's Hospital the following entrance scholarships have recently been awarded: the £125 scholarship, open to the sons of medical men, to Mr. C. R. Watson; the £50 to Mr. C. H. Nicholls; the £65 scholarship, open to members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, to Mr. William Hawkins Wilson.

Sir John Gordon Sprigg, K.C.M.G., has been made free of the Worshipful Company of Turners, "in recognition of the administrative ability and statesmanlike qualities shown by him as twice Premier of the Cape of Good Hope." After acknowledging the honour, he spoke on the affairs of South Africa. He advocated railway development in that country, and with respect to annexation he avowed that he had always been in favour of holding on to the territory we had, and missing no opportunity of getting more. He expressed his belief that the time was not far distant when the whole of the States in the colonies of South Africa would fall into one Federal Union.



THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO IN HIS NEW CAB.

R. Taylor

ART BOOKS.

My Life. By T. Sidney Cooper, R.A. (Bentley and Son.)—The chief interest of these two handsome volumes lies in the story of the artist's earlier career, and in the character and determination to which his success in life bears witness. Thomas Cooper, or—as he afterwards called himself out of compliment to Admiral Sir Sidney Smith—Sidney Cooper, was born at Canterbury in 1803, and, a few years after his birth, his father disappeared, leaving his wife and five children to earn their living as best they could, at a time when "Brown Tommie" was Is. 8d. the quarter loaf. How she managed is not related, but she seems to have sent her children to school; and, as soon as Sidney became possessed of a slate, he began making drawings of Canterbury Cathedral. When about ten years old he was brought to the notice of Dr. Bailey, the surgeon at the Canterbury barracks, and from him obtained the loan of a few pictures, which he did his best to copy. Two years later he was apprenticed to a coach-builder in the same city, and seems to have been treated with great kindness by his master, who allowed the lad time to pursue his favourite occupation of sketching on his slate some portion of "the great Church." While so engaged one day he attracted the attention of an artist similarly engaged in a more orthodox fashion. After one or two meetings the artist gave the lad a bundle of pencils and some drawing-paper; and twenty years later, at a social gathering in London, Sidney Cooper discovered his unknown benefactor to have been George Cattermole. The possession of pencils and paper, however, was not everything, for the youth had no knife to sharpen the former, and no means of purchasing one. So one day, "taking his courage in both hands," he boldly asked a gentleman who was crossing the green to cut his dozen pencils for him. This audacity was, in a way, the turning-point of Sidney Cooper's career. The unknown pencil-cutter was the Archbishop—Dr. Manners Sutton—and through him he sold his first pictures—for one of which the Archbishop gave him £5—and this led to other orders. In spite, however, of this early success, Sidney Cooper's mother was not reconciled to the idea of his pursuing art as a calling, and urged him to continue his work as a coach-painter. He might have done so but for a crisis in that trade, which brought to an end his engagement; and he next set about finding employment as a scene-painter to a travelling company of which Buckstone was a member. After a brief success, due to the sudden apparition of Edmund Kean for one night, the manager was forced to break up his troupe, and Cooper had to find his way back to Canterbury without a shilling in his pocket. Here, however, he soon received an invitation from an uncle living in London to come and see if he could there make some progress in his art-education. His indomitable perseverance enabled him to dispense with patrons and friends, and by his own unaided efforts he was admitted as a student at the British Museum and enabled to copy from the antique. During the few months he passed here his work was carried on without the assistance of any master. He was, however, successful in his first competition for a probationership at the Royal Academy, in company with George Richmond, now a retired R.A., and Catterson Smith, who became President of the Royal Hibernian Academy. For a short time these young aspirants had the benefit of Fuseli's lectures and Sir Thomas Lawrence's supervision; but on the very day their probation closed, and Cooper was elected to a studentship, he was forced to throw up all his chances, to leave London, and to return to Canterbury. Here he managed to get a few commissions, and he gave lessons in drawing at various places in the neighbourhood. He must have been successful to some extent, for in the summer of 1827 he determined to cross over to the Continent and spend the holidays there. By slow stages, painting portraits as he went, he finally reached Brussels, and soon found that in that city he had a better chance of earning a livelihood than in Canterbury. He soon made a host of friends, and through one of them got to know Verboeckhoven, the great cattle-painter, and from him Cooper received the impulse which has raised him to the first rank among English cattle-painters. He prospered so well at Brussels that before the Revolution of 1830 he was in a position to marry; and, although he subsequently found it expedient to retreat hastily from Belgium, his courage and self-confidence did not desert him when he found himself once more in his native city with a wife and child, and with £13 in his pocket. But it was not to stay in Canterbury that he had returned to England. London was his necessary goal, and thither he at once moved, as soon as he had established business relations with Messrs. Ackermann on the basis of five shillings per drawing. From this moment, however, to the day when he sold his picture "The Monarch of the Meadows" for £2500, Cooper's career was one of unbroken success. He saw there was an opening for a painter of cattle—as James Ward had before him—and he at once set himself to master his subject. With this view he spent long hours in Regent's Park, in Smithfield Market, and elsewhere where animals were to be found. His next aim was to make himself known to art-patrons, and with this view he sent, in 1833, three pictures to the Society of British Artists—three pictures which had the good fortune to attract the attention of Mr. Robert Vernon, the owner of the Vernon Gallery; while by the Press he was proclaimed "An English Cuyp," "A British Paul Potter," and the like. In the following year he sent his first picture—"Milking-Time"—to the Royal Academy, where it was not only accepted, but purchased by Mr. Vernon, and is now to be seen in the National Gallery. From that date to the present year Mr. Cooper has never missed a single exhibition of the Royal Academy, "sending at least three or four pictures . . . and occasionally as many as seven; never more." In 1845 he was elected an Associate, in company with Elmore and Frith; but, for reasons which he attributes to the ill-will of Creswick, he was not elected a full Academician until 1866, ten years after Elmore, and thirteen after Frith. Mr. Cooper may exaggerate Creswick's jealousy, caused, as he declares, by his (Cooper's) partnership with F. Lee. It is quite as probable that the real cause is to be found in the absurd set made against landscape-painters by the Royal Academicians of forty years ago.

It is unnecessary to follow point by point the story of Mr. Cooper's career as a successful artist. He tells it very well, with numerous digressions, not always pointed, and interspersed with stories, of which many have been in print before. By far the best and the newest is that which he tells of his interview with the Queen and Prince Consort at Osborne in 1848, in the course of which the former made as delicate a repartee as it is possible to conceive, respecting the introduction of a pool of water into the picture "for artistic effect." The stories respecting Sir Edwin Landseer's later days and Mr. Cousins, R.A., and Mr. Gurney the banker, had better have been omitted altogether, as they are evidence neither of good taste nor of kind feeling. Some of the mistakes, too, in the volumes are a little exasperating. We do not expect to hear an Academician speak of "Sir Benjamin West," nor one whose French is so good that he is mistaken for a Belgian translate "a league"—a measure of distance—by the word which means a confederacy. We

are surprised, too, that he should know so little of his patrons as to allude to them as "Lord Faversham," "Lord Sturton," &c. But what is more astonishing than all is that he should confound the name of his competitor for the place of Royal Academician—pretending altogether to ignore that Henry O'Neil, the Associate, the painter of "Eastward Ho!" was his competitor—and speaking of him as G. B. O'Neil, a living painter whose unpretentious works have never brought him into that whirlpool of jealousy and intrigue which Mr. Cooper represents the "Royal Academy" to be. There is one other point, too, on which we cannot help expressing not only surprise but regret, notwithstanding Mr. Cooper's outspoken objection to the admission of foreigners among the ranks of our Academicians. In his earliest days of struggle, he acknowledges the help he received at Brussels, from the Comte de Lalaing (by the way, he spells the name wrong), yet he has not a word of recognition for his patron's grandson, M. Jacques de Lalaing, who a few years back exhibited an equestrian portrait, which drew strong approval from those critics whom Mr. Cooper affects to despise, but which, if rumour be true, only found a place on the walls because of the president's determination not to be overruled by his less generous colleagues, who were unwilling that a foreigner should occupy so much wall space.

Here we take our leave of Mr. Cooper's volumes, which will serve to pass a pleasant hour, if the reader is endowed with the happy faculty of skipping trite reflections and quotations from criticism of which the artist once felt proud, but of which he no longer appreciates the value.

Society Pictures. Drawn by George Du Maurier. (Bradbury, Agnew, and Co.)—It is a good idea of the proprietors of *Punch* to follow up the drawings of John Leech by a selection from those of his most direct successor. Each artist hits off with a kindly touch the manners and foibles of his contemporaries. Leech was the gentle satirist of the third quarter of the nineteenth century, as Du Maurier is of the last quarter. But London *fin du siècle*, as portrayed by the latter, is, if pretentious, at all events as healthy in tone as it was in the "fifties and sixties," when Mr. Briggs and Lord Tom Noddy occupied such a prominent position. Nowadays it is Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns, with her yearnings after art and aestheticism, or Sir Gorgius Midas, conscious of the power of wealth to bring dukes and duchesses to his table, who furnishes subjects for the caricaturist. One radical difference strikes us in the two artists, and perhaps (lawn-tennis notwithstanding) in daily life, is that, while Leech more frequently represented Paterfamilias out of doors, and exercising a decided control over the management of his own affairs, it is now Materfamilias who rules, and in her drawing-room gives the laws to or reflects the opinions of society. Comfort, moreover, gives place to display, and social climbing is raised to the dignity of a fine art.

Pascoe's Illustrated Pocket Books. By Charles Eyre Pascoe. (London : Hazell, Watson, and Co.)—Five handy little volumes, of convenient size and brimful of useful information, have been already issued. Although only one of the series, "The American Road through England," is directly dedicated to the use of our Transatlantic cousins, it is impossible not to suppose that the remainder are equally addressed to that discerning section of the travelling public. The titles of the other volumes are "London in Little," "Brighton," "Eastbourne and Hastings," and "The Roads to Paris from London." Of the last-mentioned we should say that it was very far from being exhaustive, and really seems intended to get the reader to his destination in as short a time as possible. In future editions of these volumes we would suggest, as the result of some experience in the ways of travellers, American and indigenous, that Mr. Pascoe should supplement his works by a supply of "wayside information." Important villages, imposing buildings, or historical landmarks attract the eye of strangers, and very often the Englishman is sadly disconcerted by having to make avowal of his ignorance. Mr. Pascoe could save him from either the shame or the questioning.

Photographic Holiday Work. Edited by Charles W. Hastings. (London : Hazell, Watson, and Co.)—This is the second year of the publication of a pleasant record of summer rambles. The contributors are all amateurs, who are allowed unrestricted liberty in the choice of subjects. The first prize is awarded to Mr. J. E. Austin's "Idle Moments," a group at a cottage door, in front of which, in defiance of all sanitary laws, is the well, from which the housewife is about to supply the family wants. The cottage, with its deep thatching and climbing rose-tree, is very picturesque, and the lights in the photograph are well managed; but the reproduction by Woodburytype does not come up to some of the processes now in vogue. Some forty of the other photographs sent in for competition are reproduced, and in each case the work submitted has been made the subject of careful technical criticism.

Lord Hartington has declined to allow his name to be brought forward as a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Aberdeen University.

Mr. Arthur W. Thomson has been appointed Professor of Mechanism and Applied Science in the College of Science, Poona, India.

Mr. John Corbett, M.P., has offered £1000 towards the establishment of an intermediate school at Towyn, if intermediate schools for the county are established in that town.

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress have joined the general committee of the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund, and his Lordship will receive contributions for the charity at the Mansion House.

A proposal to establish in connection with the Victoria University a system of degrees, examinations, and courses of study in theology was again brought before the Court of Governors in Manchester on Nov. 6. After a prolonged discussion, the motion was rejected by eighteen votes against fourteen.

Mr. Robert Davies, brother of the Lord Lieutenant of Anglesey, announces his intention of contributing £2000 to the Foreign Mission Fund of the Calvinistic Methodist Association of Wales. Mr. Davies has recently built a memorial chapel at Menai Bridge, and has given £1000 towards the English Calvinistic Methodist cause in North Wales. Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P. for Flintshire, has given £1000 towards the fund for providing intermediate and technical education.

In St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, on Nov. 6, Mr. H. S. Rawlinson, 60th Rifles, eldest son of Major-General Sir Henry C. Rawlinson, G.C.B., was married to Miss Coleridge Kennard, daughter of Mr. John Coleridge Kennard. The bride's father not being well enough to attend the wedding, her uncle, Mr. Adam Kennard, escorted her to church, where she was given away by her mother. There were five bridesmaids, cousins of the bride; and Master Coleridge A. F. Kennard, her nephew, acted as page.

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO'S NEW CAB.

Breaking at last with the old-established custom of his country, the Sultan of Morocco seems to have given up riding. His appreciation of European vehicles had found an object in the very elaborate multicycle on which his Shereefian Majesty goes round the gardens of his palace at Fez. This wonderful structure, so rumour says, is provided with clock, compass, barometer, thermometer, and many other instruments well adapted for a voyage of circumnavigation. Behind the box, inside which sits the Moorish potentate, surrounded by all these appliances of modern science, four or more gorgeously attired niggers toil hard to propel their monarch, until some rubber acoustic tube commands them to stop.

This way of proceeding, however, although perfect for the level paths of the palace grounds, proved altogether inadequate for any rough travelling through a country without the trace of a highway, and his Imperial Majesty, apparently tired of riding, decided on adopting some conveyance better adapted to the ups and downs of his wild estates.

Here we can see the effects of persuasion of his European advisers, and the partiality with which British institutions are viewed by the "Chosen of God"; for, lo and behold! a thing altogether undreamed of in the Koran—an unwanted object in Moorish eyes, but the pride and ornament of London streets—a Hansom cab, in short, has made its appearance within the walls of the holy city of Mequinez.

Inside this Hansom cab, snug and comfortable, sits the son and successor of Sidi Mohammed, looking as usual, or perhaps more than usually, stern and sad, for, in addition to the cares of government, a certain anxiety as to the safety of this foreign apparatus may be felt in the heart of the Moslem monarch. Not that the Sultan is wholly unacquainted with our carriages; he possesses a green-and-gold brougham bestowed on one of his ancestors by King George IV., which figures in the processions when he comes out of his palace for some State ceremony. But, either out of respect for his British Majesty, or, perhaps, from a mere sense of prudence, the Sultan refrains from trusting himself to the antiquated coach, and consigns it to the rearguard, where it is dragged and pushed and lifted by panting horses and slaves over rock and ravine. The unfortunate brougham is now a wreck, the varnish has fallen off in large scales, the gilded wheels have been artlessly consolidated by rough pieces of cedar wood, and one does not wonder that the descendant of Mohammed preferred the back of his fiery steed. No fear, however, ought to be entertained about the new cab; for everything has been provided against a possible capsize. As may be seen in our Engraving, silk ropes, held in the hands of faithful and tried mahasins, contribute to maintain the carriage in the vertical position. It may also be observed that, in consequence of the absence of roads, the cab is not mounted on wheels, but is supported by two horses, one in front the other behind, thus reviving a way of travelling much in favour during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when noblemen used to recline in litters carried in a like manner over the rough roads of our own country.

The carriage was built in London by a well-known firm in Oxford-street, under the supervision and, we think, after the plans of the indefatigable Kaid Maclean, when he paid us a visit last year. The effect of a procession is certainly less striking than when the monarch shows himself on horseback, robed in white silk; and we may add that the cab appears decidedly incongruous before the mosaics of the big gate of Muley Ismael, among the crowd of picturesque but mostly ragged Moors calling the blessings of Allah on their much-respected Sovereign. Still, odd as it may look, and out of place in a cortège of Moslems whom modern progress has until now left untouched, and whose manners are of a picture of times and life long gone by, we cannot help thinking that it may be the sign of a step forward in the way of civilisation. At any rate, it may be a starting-point towards adopting a mode of locomotion for which we are sure many a European tourist would feel grateful in Morocco.

Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., has offered to provide a hospital for infectious cases at Henley-on-Thames for non-pauper residents in the district.

The Duke of Westminster has written to the governors of the Chester Infirmary stating that it is his intention to forward a cheque for £500 out of the proceeds of the charge for admission to the hall and gardens at Eaton.

The Council of the Munich Academy of Art has appointed the British artists Messrs. Ouless, Reid, Guthrie, Thorneycroft, and Macbeth honorary members, in celebration of the name-day of the Prince Regent of Bavaria.

Dr. F. R. Japp, Assistant Professor of Chemistry in the Normal School of Mines, South Kensington, has been elected Professor of Chemistry at Aberdeen University, in succession to the late Professor Carnelly.

The unique collection of British birds formed by the late Mr. E. T. Booth has been presented to the people of Brighton. Included in the gift are Mr. Booth's valuable books on natural history subjects, as well as his sporting appliances.

Mr. F. C. Faulkner, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, formerly a Master at the King's School, Bruton, and at King Edward's School, Bromsgrove, has been appointed Head Master of the High School, Perth, Western Australia.

The marriage of Mr. Stephen O. Eaton, late 60th Rifles, eldest son of Mr. C. O. Eaton of Toletorpe Hall, Stamford, with Mary, only child of the late Lord Edward Thynne, was solemnised in Byfleet Church, Surrey, on Nov. 6. The bride was given away by her cousin, the Marquis of Bath, and was attended by six bridesmaids—Miss Georgie Eaton, sister, and the Misses May and Ethel Hedley, cousins of the bridegroom; Miss Combe, Miss Kate Parker, and Miss Hadden. Mr. Hubert Eaton, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man.

It is not always that a diner, appreciating the mute but effective eloquence of a well-ordered menu, punctuated by a convivial popping of corks, remembers how closely the worlds of pleasure and of labour are linked; and when the familiar names of Hedges and Butler and Melnotte et fils face him upon the table, he is apt to forget the fact that great businesses like that of the well-known wine firm in Regent-street are the means of providing the necessities of life to the many, while supplying its luxuries to the more favoured few. The Illustrations which we give of Messrs. Hedges and Butler's spacious cellars in Regent-street, and the Melnotte champagne cellars in Epernay, will afford the public some little insight into the magnitude of the interests involved in a commercial undertaking of this kind. Nor is it without its picturesque aspect, vintage scenes worthy of the pen of Ouida preceding even in these prosaic days the pleasant consumption of the wine in unpicturesque but luxury-loving London. Messrs. Hedges and Butler have won so excellent a name for their wines that it is interesting to get a glimpse of the method by which such reputations are made, and that method may virtually be summed up in a phrase: enterprise, judgment, and reliability, three characteristics which the public soon learn to recognise, and, once recognised, never forget.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The crisis through which this society recently passed has left very obvious marks upon its walls, but the public have been the chief gainers by the change and vicissitudes of presidents and council. This year a further step has been made towards breaking with the traditions of Mr. Whistler's short interregnum, his historical *relief* having been removed, and the pictures on the walls are now once more exposed to the full blaze of London sun in November. The walls, too, are now so closely packed that it is impossible to see whether the wooden battens on which the ex-president relied for effect are retained; but his golden paper still survives as a frieze round the rooms. But if there be few traces of Mr. Whistler and his school, there are equally few of the old dreary exhibitions which used to follow each other with such dull monotony, and this year's display may be taken as a fair example of the revival of art in Suffolk-street, Pall-mall.

Of course, the chief interest is centred in Mr. G. F. Watts's portrait of Lord Tennyson (345), one of the two on which the artist has been engaged during the past summer. The Laureate is in this case represented in his peer's crimson robe—of which the brightness has been reduced to a minimum, in order that nothing may disturb the interest of the face. In many points the present work differs from all previous portraits of Lord Tennyson, for it accentuates more strongly the peculiarities of his head and face. If phrenology were still a fashionable science, we should probably have a lively controversy as to the external evidence of the poetic faculty; but now spectators will probably be content to admire without dissecting the noble face and brow which is here offered for their study. The softness of the poet's expression is brought out in a more distinct manner than in the other portraits, and his face has lost much of the suggestion of pain and effort which characterise the Millais picture. In the same room is a very fine specimen of Mr. Frank Brangwyn's work, "A Burial at Sea" (381), very sedate in colour but strong in feeling. The moment chosen is that when the Union Jack has been removed, and the body is about to be committed to the deep amid the silent sorrow of his old shipmates. The group of men assembled round the captain, who has been reading the service, although simply drawn, conveys by the attitude of each rough sailor a sense of the solemnity of the scene; but we would ask Mr. Brangwyn whether it is not customary at such a moment to let the sails hang loose. Close by is another clever sea-piece of a very different kind—Mr. Nelson Dawson's "Sunset Breeze" (34), which owes everything to its colouring of waves and sky. The picture in its bold use of colour is the more interesting, as in his other works, such as "Scarborough Harbour" (44), "Their Only Chance" (126), and the like, Mr. Dawson is chiefly distinguishable for the subdued tones, or for the dramatic interest of his picture. Mr. Edwin Ellis's "Seaside Neighbours" (326) is, as usual, bold in its conception of the sea and rocks; but, notwithstanding its fine sense of atmosphere, the colouring is heavy. Mr. Cayley Robinson, however, succeeds in conveying a sense of the transparency of blue water, and its changes to green, in such clever works as that of the two fishing girls in their rough old boat, "On a Silver Sea" (188), and others of the same sort. Mr. Mottram, a better-known exhibitor at the British Artists', shows little falling off in his "Ground Swell" (33), "The Derelict" (201), &c., and his work, though slight, is usually truthful.

Returning, however, to the first room, we should notice Mr. Arch. Webb's peaceful view of the picturesque town of Rye (7) under the half-light of a summer's evening, Mr. Leopold Rivers's "Oxford Meadows" (19), and Mr. R. B. Nisbet's "Day in Early Autumn" (14), all of which bear witness to an honest endeavour to paint in the open air. Mr. W. H. Titcomb has found a pretty subject for pastel work in his "Freda" (18), the portrait of a child seated in a wooden chair playing with a black-and-tan terrier. Mr. J. M. Bromley's "Cold Ash Common" (35), although a little hard and patchy, has plenty of dash in execution, while Mr. Weedon's "Winchelsea Marshes" (58) depends chiefly upon its qualities of atmosphere for its success. Another old Cinque Port, "Rye" (71), is charmingly depicted by Mr. Stuart Lloyd, who gives a certain grace of form to the red houses now scattered round the old church without much order. Mr. Leopold Rivers is more at home among the "Essex Flats at Harlow" (91); and another pleasant study of the southern counties is to be found in Mr. J. Fullwood's "Meandering" (77); while Mr. George C. Haité makes the "Ferry at Dordrecht" (86) the means of giving a thoroughly effective group of Dutch men and women waiting to cross. Mr. Wyke Bayliss, the president, as usual, leads the way with his delicate studies of cathedral interiors, but this year only gives two specimens of his work—"Orvieto" (50), at early morning; and "St Peter's at Roma" (241), as seen through the medium of the evening after-glow. It is not given to everyone to find the harshness and coldness of the latter building so tenderly transformed; but we are forced to admit that Mr. Wyke Bayliss does not exaggerate effects which, we hope, have been felt by many who have visited either or both these cathedrals. It is interesting to contrast with these the clear-cut rendering of "San Zenone" (190) by Mr. W. Harding Smith, who has taken for his subject one of the most effective bits in the crypt of this grand example of Romanesque architecture, and its lightly springing arches; and Mr. F. P. Barraud sends a study of "Chester Cathedral" (206), in which he shows a certain disposition to follow the president's lead. For external views of churches Mr. Yglesias can claim the first place for his view of "Durham Cathedral" (313), although we think he has unduly dwarfed the castle buildings, which add so much dignity to the seat of the Bishop Palatine; and Mr. J. Lessore's "Peterborough" (137) is also full of merit.

Turning from these architectural efforts, we find ourselves once more among "fresh woods and pastures new," as displayed by Mr. A. Glendening, "Among the Marsh Mallows" (224), and by Mr. A. Helché, "Where King-cups Deck the Meadows Fair" (240). For some reason, Mr. Yeend King is seldom seen to better advantage than at the British Artists', and such varied works as "The Last of the Leaves" (294), full of rich but harmonious autumn tints, "Homeward Bound" (317)—the farmer's daughter driving home the geese on a summer's evening—and the little view of the pretty village of Bosham (533) abundantly testify to his sure eye and careful hand. Before altogether leaving the landscape subjects we should mention Mr. J. H. Snell's "Glimmering Night" (341) and "The Silent Pool—Willow Glade" (545), both rather too imitative of Corot; Mr. J. L. Pickering's "Sigh of the Night Wind" (346), Mr. M. E. Kindon's "Wedding" (369), Mr. J. S. Hill's "Essex Marshes" (480), and two very successful works by Mr. R. W. Rouse—"The Brow of the Hill" (554) and "Golden Autumn" (388), a bright bit of level landscape.

Among the figure-pieces, one of the most important in size is Mr. Theodore Cook's "Subscription Ball" (389), which, as

much on account of its colouring as of its attendants, may be qualified as "low tone." The scene is in a back-yard or some London street, where half a dozen couples are moving to the sound of a barrel-organ—very true to life, and by no means exaggerated in sentiment; and it is in curious contrast with Mr. W. H. Pike's rather gaudy but vigorous rendering of "A Venetian Quarrel" (298). Close by hangs one of the cleverest pictures in the room, Mr. Dudley Hardy's "Jeanette" (295), a very delicate portrait study of a girl in black-gauze hat and black-lace tippet, seen in profile. The "La Fin d'un Rêve" (527) is so dark and mysterious that we fail to unravel it; but in "The Song" (135) and "Georgette" (449) he is delightfully suggestive, though they scarcely go beyond that point. Very different is the clever but almost too insistent work of Mr. John Reid and his sister, Miss Flora Reid. The former's "Riverside" (236) is too crowded as well as too much painted, while the latter's "Chattering Magpie" (348), although brilliant and original, has a note almost as discordant as the bird which gives its title to the picture. Still, we cannot help admiring both productions, while feeling that they do not arrange themselves comfortably with any of our views about the functions of *genre* pictures. For single figures, Mr. George Roller's "Play Up, Surrey!" (438), the portrait of a well-known cricketer in full "uniform," is, perhaps, the most striking work—for the artist has not only managed the difficulties of the "flannels" with skill, but he has even given an attitude of ease to a figure encased in "pads." Mr. J. A. Lomax's "Trying It Over" (293) is a middle-aged flute-player rehearsing to himself, under conditions which are, to say the least, probable, and in a costume and among surroundings which are in keeping with his station. This is rare praise to give nowadays to a young artist, and Mr. Lomax has had the courage to be true to the probabilities of life. Mr. L. C. Henley takes his model out of doors, and paints her daintily—"All in a Garden Fair" (259)—plucking a bright flower to put in her hair. Mr. Sheridan Knowles's renderings of "Enid" (308) and "Desdemona" (316) are not quite our ideals of the two ladies, and we doubt the authority which gives red hair to the former and black to the latter, although, in Desdemona's case, this may have been so, although custom represents her fair. Mr. Haynes King's "Toiler of the Sea" (654), seated on the rocks, seems to take life pretty easily; but the sun is shining, and perhaps shrimps are plentiful. Mr. R. H. Gordon's "Rehearsal" (399) gives the lady in a yellow satin dress not only an

RAMBLING SKETCHES IN HOLLAND.

Our Rambling Artist on the Continent, M. Mars, who has on a former occasion furnished characteristic sketches of the Dutch people, fills another page this week, as the reader sees, with figures typical of some of the industrial classes in the streets of Amsterdam, and on the wharves, barges, and ferry-boats of that great commercial port, besides the wife of a fisherman at Monnikendam, on the western shore of the Zuyder Zee. It will be observed that, in the city of Amsterdam, the street sale of newspapers is carried on by girls instead of boys, and we hope their shrill voices are not heard so loudly in cries of "The Winner!" also, that they do not jostle each other into the gutter, as our newsboys do, or invade the tram-cars with importunities to the passengers who do not want a halfpenny evening print. Dutchmen, of all classes, in these days, smoke cheap Government cigars, of the Batavian colonial tobacco, instead of their old-fashioned big pipes; there is, or should be, all over the world, a certain fraternity, as well as liberty and equality, among smokers in public places; and it is not surprising, at Amsterdam, to see a cab-driver, rather a dandy figure in his top-hat, accepting the Promethean spark from a dock labourer's burning cigar. The work of street-cleansing, highly important to a nation of such tidy habits as the Dutch, is performed under the orders of the municipality, by a diligent band of youngsters, who scoop up the mud with the implement called a "raquette," and collect it in heaps to be removed by the following cart. The remaining figures are those of a barge-man, standing idle for the moment, on board his craft in the Schollenbrug Channel; and a sailor taking his ease, of course enjoying his cigar, but ready for his work, as Dutchmen always are.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICES, PERTH, WEST AUSTRALIA.

The new General Post and Telegraph Offices at Perth, West Australia, were opened on Aug. 27 by Sir Malcolm Fraser, K.C.M.G., the Administrator, in the presence of the various members of the Government, the Legislature, and a large assembly. This building, which also provides accommodation for several other Government departments, notably the Railways, the Crown Law Offices, and the Land Tithe Department, stands adjacent to the old Government offices, with the Townhall at the rear. The architectural style is Classic Renaissance. The principal

feature of the interior is the Central Postal Hall, around which are the various Postal and Telegraphic offices, accessible to the public. This hall, oblong in form, is in two orders of architecture, divided by a balcony running round the whole, and is surrounded by a carved and coffered ceiling, richly moulded and top-lighted, with tinted glass throwing a delicate rose-colour over the pure white cement-work of the interior.

The buildings were commenced during the Governorship of Sir Frederick Broome, K.C.M.G., and were carried out at a cost of about £25,000, from the designs and under the care of Mr. G. T. Poole, Director of Public Works, and Colonial Architect.

Our Illustration is from photographs taken by Herr Von Petz, of Perth.

ART MAGAZINES.

The *Art Journal* for November is an average number. An account of the old Norman town of Caen is interesting. It is illustrated with some pen-and-ink sketches by Herbert Railton. Mr. Stacey Marks, R.A., has an article, "Among the Birds," apropos of his exhibition now being held at the Fine Art Society's galleries. In the illustrations given, Mr. Marks's capacity for rendering the character of the different varieties of birds, from sparrow to pelican, is clearly displayed.

An etching, by James Dobie, of Watts's picture "Fata Morgana" forms the frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for November. The original will be familiar to our readers, having been on view at a recent exhibition of the New Gallery. Another full-page illustration is an engraving of Landseer's "Distinguished Member of the Humane Society." This portrait of the gigantic Newfoundland "Paul Pry" was acquired by the National Gallery three or four years ago. In a sympathetic and interesting article on Madame Ronner, whose work as a painter of cats the London public recently had an opportunity of appreciating, Mr. Spielman calls attention to the rarity with which that most attractive and fascinating of all domestic animals has been chosen as a model by artists, even by those more strictly classed as animal-painters. We must not omit to notice Mr. Fulleylove's drawings of Warwick Castle, accompanying Mr. Grey's descriptive article on the building and the art treasures which it contains. Mr. Black, the novelist, follows Mr. Du Maurier on the question of the illustrating of books, and treats it from the point of view of the author in a very readable article.

The yearly volume of the *Magazine of Art* is just issued, and will take rank as one of the handsomest and most useful of Christmas books.

Two ladies, crossing a mountain in Merionethshire in the darkness during the late gale, lost their way, although they were well acquainted with the paths. A search-party found them next morning, suffering terribly from cold and exposure.

Extraordinary play has been witnessed in the billiard-match for 15,000 up between W. J. Peall and C. Dawson, which terminated, on Nov. 8, in a victory for the former, who had been conceding 3000 points. This contest will be remarkable as a record-breaking one, for Peall made the astonishing break of 3304. The largest previous break, though much smaller—namely, 2413—was also achieved by Peall.

The Art Congress in Birmingham completed its sittings on Nov. 8. Mr. W. B. Richmond addressed the section of painting, and said a commercial lust had crept over the art of painting and checked its development. In regard to street advertising, he regretted that artists did not try to foster the growth of a better class of posters, the public taste having been degraded. He suggested the appointment of a street inspector and a tax on hoardings. A resolution was adopted in favour of regulating the education in each school of art in accordance with local industry.

The business of the Autumn Assizes was commenced on Nov. 11, when the commission was opened at Reading, on the Oxford Circuit, by Mr. Justice Mathew. By the close of the week ending Nov. 15 six of the Judges of the Queen's Bench Division will have left town for the Assizes, to be followed a week later by three more, making nine altogether. Six Judges only of the Queen's Bench will consequently be left to carry on the business of that Division during the remainder of the sittings up to Christmas, one of whom will have to be in attendance at Judges' Chambers daily.



NEW GENERAL POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICES, PERTH, WEST AUSTRALIA.

uncomfortable appearance in her elegantly furnished drawing-room, but suggests a strange disproportion between herself and her harpsichord.

In conclusion, we should call attention to Mr. George Tinworth's terra-cotta panel "The Women at the Sepulchre," which occupies a prominent place in the north-east room. The treatment of the subject is realistic—or, rather, modern—and the least successful part are the two angels, who are as solid in every respect as the four women who have come with spices and ointments to fulfil their last mission of love and service. One of the group is kneeling with bent head at the aspect of the two guardians of the empty grave; two others are standing awe-struck and yet anxious; while the fourth seems to be turning away in fear and trembling. It is with this last figure that Mr. Tinworth has been most successful, for the emotion he depicts is a purely human one, and within the reach of the sculptor's art. Taken as a whole, however, the panel must be regarded as a successful effort to revive religious art on a large scale; and the Marquis of Northampton, for whose chapel at Castle Ashby it has been executed, must be congratulated on his well-disposed patronage of a thoroughly English sculptor.

Mr. J. H. Peile, M.A., who has been classical master at St. Paul's School, has been elected head-master of King Edward VI School, Bury St. Edmunds.

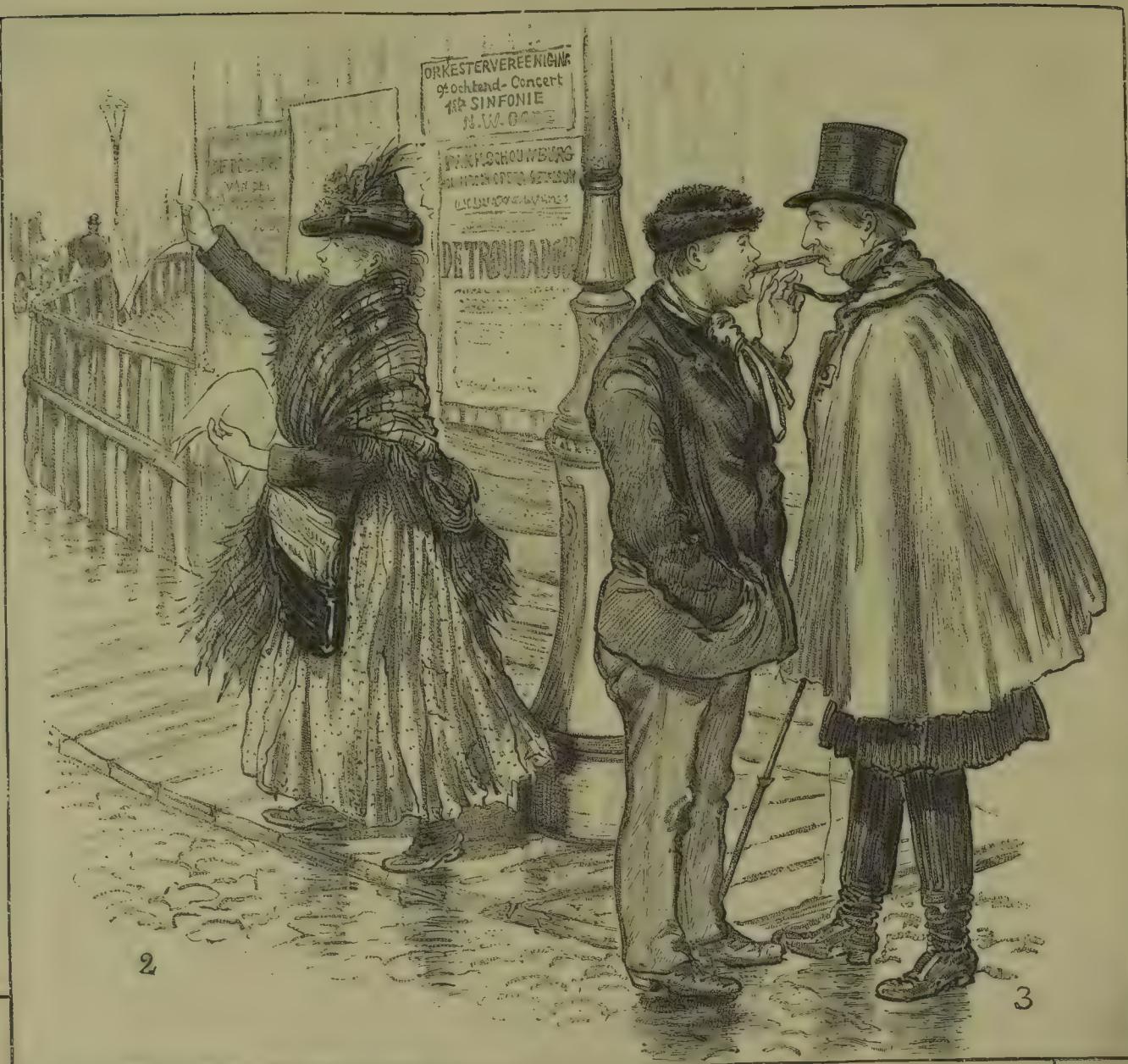
The Marchioness of Salisbury paid a visit to Stratford on Nov. 7, for the purpose of opening the St. Paul's Parish Room and Mission Hall in Chandos-road, Leytonstone-road.

Alfonso XIII. of Spain, not being much skilled in the handling of fork and spoon, ate his chicken with his fingers the other day. His attendant remonstrated with his Majesty, and said, "Kings do not eat with their fingers." The little fellow quietly replied, "This King does," and continued his meal in the same fashion.

A funeral service took place on Nov. 7 at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, for the late Hon. Mrs. Charles Grey, at which were present the Hon. Harriet Phipps and Colonel the Hon. W. Carington, representing the Queen; Colonel Stanley Clarke, representing the Prince and Princess of Wales; Colonel Colville, representing the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh; and Colonel Clerke, representing Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg). The coffin was covered with floral emblems. Her Majesty sent two wreaths—one composed of yellow immortelles, inscribed "A mark of affection from Victoria R.I.", and the other of palm and white flowers with the inscription "A mark of loving friendship"; Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, a wreath of white flowers, bearing the words "A tribute of sincere affection." The body was conveyed the same day to Howick, Earl Grey's seat in Northumberland, and deposited in the family vault on the 8th.

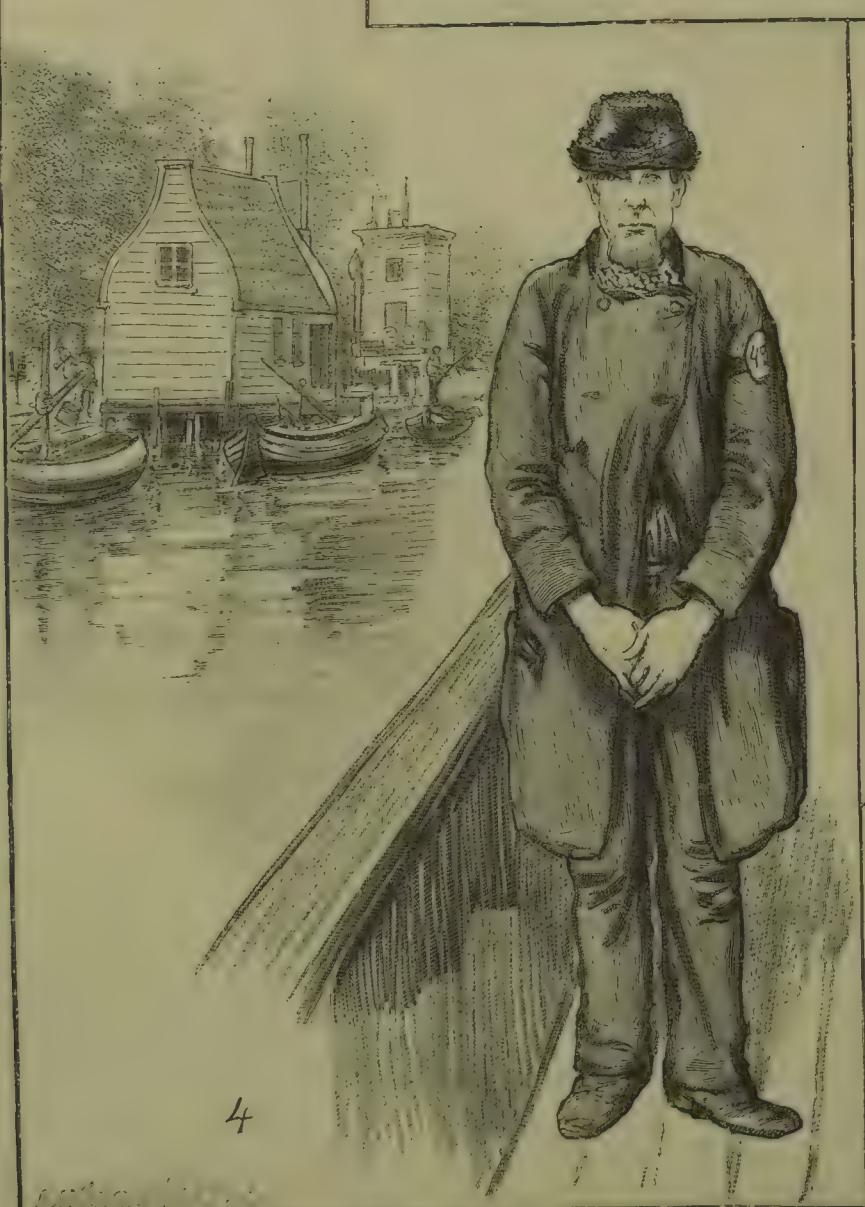


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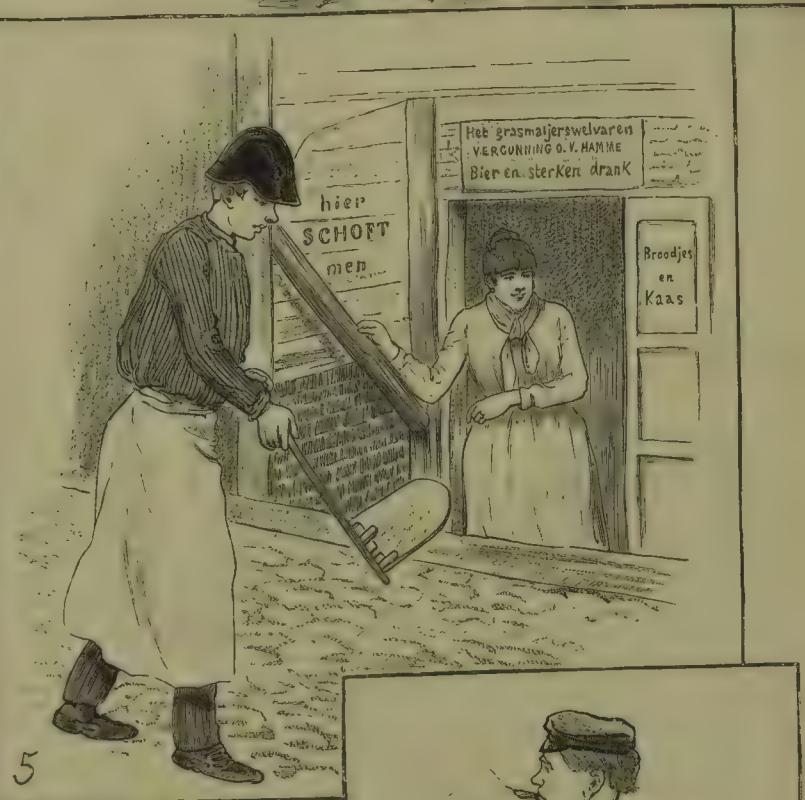


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1. Fisherman's Wife.
4. Boatman of Amsterdam.

2. Newspaper-Girl at Amsterdam.
5. Street-Cleaning Boy.

3. Dock Labourer and Cabman: Fraternal Cigar-Light.
6. Sailor Taking his Ease.

RAMBLING SKETCHES IN HOLLAND: AMSTERDAM AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.



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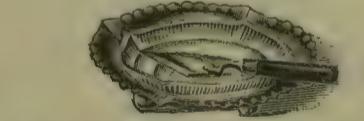
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MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

A special event in Signor Lago's season was the revival of one of the masterpieces of a composer who was a reformer of the musical drama. Before the production of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice" (at Vienna, in 1762) he had followed the conventional Italian style of his day, in which dramatic expression had little if any share; but with his "Orfeo" a new era dawned on the history of operatic music. A noble simplicity, and a musical expression in accordance with the emotion of the scene, were realised in place of the unmeaning musical platitudes which had passed current in stage composition. The memorable preface to Gluck's "Alceste" (Vienna, 1767; Paris, 1776) sets forth his views as to the operatic overture being made to foreshadow the kind of interest and sentiment of the dramatic action which is to follow, and the general subordination of the style of operatic music to the sentiments and incidents of the stage action. Gluck's principles are nobly, if not perfectly, illustrated in his "Orfeo" and other works of his theatrical career.

Although Gluck's innovative theories were not always strictly realised in his operas, there is no question but that he helped largely to replace the feeble inanities of the conventional Italian style—which was the prevailing model for the stage-music of his day—by a dignified grandeur and an appropriate expression, which are admirable even in these days of advanced progress. "Orfeo" has been long ignored here in stage performances. It was reproduced at Paris in 1764, and was brought out at our Royal Italian Opera in 1860. The latest important performance of the music in London (with some omissions) was at one of Mr. Ganz's orchestral concerts, at St. James's Hall, in 1881. The aria "Che farò senza Euridice" (for Orpheus) has continued long to be a favourite piece in concert programmes, but, otherwise—as already implied—the opera has for many years been ignored here. In its recent revival (on November 6) the title-character was very finely sustained by Mdlle. G. Ravogli, whose sympathetic quality of voice and refined and pathetic expression were admirably manifested in the many situations in which the character is prominent. The aria just specified was one of several instances in which the artist produced a profound impression. Mdlle. S. Ravogli appeared as Euridice, and sang with much grace, and generally with good effect, but with an occasional vibrato that might better have been absent. Mdlle. Otti Brony, who appeared in the character of Love, produced a favourable impression by her graceful and unaffected vocalisation. In the important choral music, especially the choruses of Furies, the choristers gave proof of the care which had been exercised in the preparation of the opera. The orchestral details—simple in comparison with the scores of later times—received full justice from the fine band led by Mr. Carrodus. The "Chaconne" was judiciously played as an entr'acte previous to the last act. The large quantity of ballet-music in Gluck's opera was in accordance with the custom of his time, and, of course, involves some anachronism in the mixture of dance forms of comparatively modern origin with dramatic action of ancient times. The performance now referred to was skilfully conducted by Signor Bevignani, who has been indefatigable in superintending the preparation of the revival.

"Norma" has been given, with Mdlles. Peri and Costanzi respectively as the Druid Priestess and Adalgisa. With some good points in each, their performances cannot be highly

extolled. The best feature in the cast was the Pollio of Signor Giannini, who sang with excellent effect.

Madame Albani made her appearance on Nov. 8, and repeated that charmingly ideal performance as Elsa in "Lohengrin" which has gained so much admiration in previous seasons. The title-character was filled by Signor Perotti, who went through his arduous task with signal success. The important character of Ortruda gave fresh evidence of the high merits of Mdlle. G. Ravogli, who is an artist alike of vocal and dramatic excellence. Signor Galassi's Telramondo was, as in former seasons, a performance of much vocal and dramatic merit; and the characters of the King and the Herald were efficiently sustained, respectively, by Signor Novara and Signor Fiegna.

In repetitions of "La Gioconda" and "Lucia di Lammermoor," the characters, respectively, of Enzo and Edgardo were transferred from their previous representative to M. Dimitresco, to the advantage of the performance. The gentleman just named is a young Roumanian tenor who produced a very favourable impression.

Signor Bevignani and Signor Arditi have continued to alternate the duties of conductor.

The first orchestral concert of Señor Albeniz, at St. James's Hall, on Nov. 7, brought forward that excellent pianist, not only in that capacity but also as a composer. In this latter capacity he produced three very promising piano-forte pieces, entitled respectively "Menuetto," "Mallorca-Barcarolle," and "Etude de Concert." Besides his performances in these, he gave an excellent rendering of Schumann's Concerto in A Minor especially in the more graceful passages, which were played with great delicacy and refinement. The pianist's good qualities were also evidenced in his performance of Mozart's Concerto in D Major (belonging to the year 1788). The programme comprised orchestral pieces by Spanish composers whose names are not familiar here, but who deserve to be better known. A "Moorish Fantasia" by Señor Chapi is a very effective work in four divisions: "A Granada" (a martial movement), "Reverie," "Serenade," and finale. The more demonstrative portions are very fully and brightly scored; but the second and third movements proved most successful. Another important work by a Spanish composer was a symphony by Señor Breton, in which he manifests a preference for the classical models of the past rather than a leaning towards the exaggerated German romanticism of the present, which has so largely and unwholesomely influenced the music of the day. Two pieces, also by Señor Breton—a charming "Serenade" and the prelude to his opera, "Guzman el Bueno"—pleased very much, especially the serenade. Señor Breton's musical capacity was also proved by his very efficient fulfilment of the office of conductor.

The Saturday afternoon Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall have become almost as much frequented as the evening performances out of which they sprang. The programme of Nov. 8 included the co-operation of that brilliant pianist M. Paderewski, and the same string quartet party as that of previous concerts. The solos assigned to the pianist were pieces by Chopin, the music of which master is especially well rendered by M. Paderewski. Miss Girtin Barnard was the vocalist, and Mr. A. Izard the accompanist. At the following evening concert, on Nov. 10, the programme included the names of the same instrumental artists, Mr. Oswald, having been announced as vocalist, and Mr. F. Cliffe as accompanist.

The Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concert of Nov. 8

included the appearance of Madame Schmidt-Köhne, of the Royal Opera, Berlin. The lady (who is highly esteemed abroad) was associated with Miss A. Sargent and Mr. E. Lloyd in a performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise."

The first of four concerts of the Musical Guild was announced to take place at the Townhall, Kensington, on Nov. 11. This institution was formed by former students and scholars of the Royal College of Music; and we have before spoken of the merits of their concerts.

For the opening of the new season of the Royal Choral Society at the Royal Albert Hall, "Elijah" was promised, with Madame Schmidt-Köhne, of Berlin, and Madame Sviatlovsky, of the grand opera, Moscow, as two of the principal solo vocalists.

Master Isidore Pavia, the remarkable juvenile pianist, has given his second recital at St. James's Hall, with a varied programme, which served again for the display of his remarkable abilities.—M. Paderewski's first recital at St. James's Hall on Nov. 12 put forth a programme of music in various styles, classical and brilliant.

The first of a new series of Sir Charles Hallé's orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall was announced for Nov. 14, with a strong programme of instrumental music.

The Earl of Rosebery took the chair on Nov. 7, at a soirée held in the St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, in connection with the City of Glasgow District Ancient Shepherds' Friendly Society. The hall was crowded in all parts.

Prince Henri of Orléans has just completed an adventurous journey from the extreme east of the Russian possessions in Asia, across Central Asia, to Tonquin. He and his party are said to have travelled through some districts hitherto unvisited by Europeans.

Sir Oscar Clayton, C.B., C.M.G., has been appointed Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales. He was previously Extra-Surgeon-in-Ordinary. Dr. Alan Reeve Manby, of East Rudham, is at the same time gazetted Surgeon-Apothecary to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham.

A new Board School was opened on Nov. 7 in Plough-road, Battersea, by the Rev. J. Diggle, Chairman of the Board, who said that this was the 367th school in the possession of the Board, which now provides accommodation for 410,000 children. The school and playgrounds covered an area of 32,800 square feet, and the cost had been equal to £12 16s. 9d. for each child accommodated.

The London County Council have re-elected Sir John Lubbock as Chairman, Sir Thomas Farre as Vice-Chairman, and Mr. Haggis as Deputy Chairman.—The Surrey County Council have re-elected Mr. E. H. Leycester Penrhyn as Chairman; and Mr. Reginald Bray as Alderman, in place of the late Sir William Hardman.—Earl Spencer has been unanimously re-elected Chairman of the Northamptonshire County Council.

According to Consul-General Stewart, the saltiest piece of water upon earth is the Lake of Urumia, in Persia, situated more than four thousand feet above the sea-level. It is much saltier than the Dead Sea, the water being found on analysis to contain nearly 22 per cent. of salt. The lake is eighty-four miles long and twenty-four miles broad, and its northern coasts are encrusted with a border of salt glittering white in the sun. It is said that no living thing can survive in it, except a very small species of jelly-fish.

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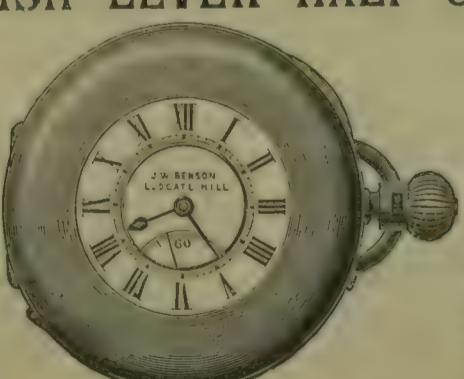
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 14, 1884), with five codicils (dated June 14, 1884; Dec. 22, 1886; Oct. 19, 1889; and Feb. 7 and June 5, 1890), of the Right Hon. Henry Howard Molyneux, Earl of Carnarvon, late of 43, Portman-square, and of Highclere Castle, in the county of Southampton, who died on June 28 last, has been proved by the Earl of Ducie. Sir Robert George Wyndham Herbert, K.C.B., and Edward Stafford Howard, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £313,000. The testator leaves his property in George-street, Sydney, upon trust, to accumulate the income until his son Lord Porchester attains thirty-five, then to pay the income of same and of the accumulations to his said son, for life, and then for his children; the remainder of his real and personal property in New South Wales he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her death settles same upon his son Aubrey. All his real and personal property in Toronto and elsewhere in Canada he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then settles the same upon his son Mervyn. All the manors and hereditaments in the parishes of Kneeton and Hucknall, and other places in the counties of Derby and Nottingham which are included in his marriage settlement, he leaves to his wife, for life, with remainder to his son Aubrey, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to their respective seniorities in tail male. He devises the residue of his real estate in the counties of Southampton, Berks, Wilts, Middlesex, Devon, and Somerset, and elsewhere in England, to the use of every son of his, in order of birth, for life, with remainder to his sons' first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male; and all his copyhold and leasehold property is left, upon trusts, similar to the uses declared of his said real estate. Certain diamonds and rings (subject to a life interest given to his wife), and the pictures, furniture, and effects at Highclere and Pixton (with the exception of some specifically bequeathed), are made heirlooms to pass with his last-named real estate. The machinery, plant, implements, and stock at the Bretby Collieries, the live and dead stock on the Bretby Colliery Farm, and all the indoor and outdoor effects on the Bretby estate, he bequeaths to his son Lord Porchester; and there are numerous bequests to relatives and others. In the event of his having sold his houses in St. James's-square, he leaves £50,000 to trustees, in such manner that it will pass with his principal estates settled on his eldest son. The residue of his real and personal estate, including his property in West

Australia and New Zealand, and any other colony or dependency, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children as his trustees shall appoint. He appoints Earl Ducie, Earl Stanhope, his wife, the Countess of Carnarvon, and his sister, the Countess of Portsmouth, guardians of his infant children.

The will (dated Nov. 21, 1887) of Mr. William Mills Baker, late of The Holmes, Stoke Bishop, Gloucestershire, who died on July 6 last, was proved on Nov. 1 by Thomas Baker, the brother, and George Lidgett, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £172,000. The testator leaves £1000, and all his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Hannah Baker; £42,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children; £5000, upon trust, for the children of his brother, Henry Coles Baker, if he has not given them a similar amount in his lifetime; £200 each to his son Maurice Mills, and to his daughters Edith Myrtilla, Florence Marion, and Gertrude Margaret; £25,000, further, to his said son Maurice Mills; £20,000 to his son Lionel Guy; certain freehold property at Portishead, Somersetshire, and at Bristol, to his eldest son, Hiatt Cowles; £12,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters; and £150 to each of his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said eldest son.

The will (dated Feb. 18, 1889) of Mr. Alfred Langdale, late of Beacon Hill, Churt, Surrey, who died on Sept. 29 last, was proved on Oct. 29 by Alfred Augustus Langdale, the son, Sands Clayton, Arthur Ince Langdale, the son, and Arthur John Wright Circuit, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £69,000. The testator gives the real estate to which he became entitled under the will of his late father, Marmaduke Robert Langdale, to his son Alfred Augustus; his furniture, jewellery, household goods, and effects, and £300 to his wife; £500 to his said son Alfred Augustus; and £50 to each of his other children. Beacon Hill House, and all other his real estate in the parishes of Churt and Headley, Surrey, are directed to be sold, and the proceeds divided between all his children except his daughter, Alice. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £1000 per annum to his wife, for life; £300 per annum to his son Arthur Ince; and £200 per annum to each of his other children except Alfred Augustus and Alice; and the remainder of the income to his son Alfred Augustus. On the death of his wife a sum is to be set aside to produce £150 per annum, to be held, upon trust, for his daughter, Alice. The ultimate

residue is to be divided between all his children except his said daughter, his son Alfred Augustus bringing £7000 into hotchpot as the value of the estates devised to him. Power is given to his wife, by will, to vary the disposition of the residue.

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1888) of Mr. Robert Burn Blyth, F.R.G.S., late of 5, Clifton-place, Sussex-square, Hyde Park, and of Woolhampton House, Woolhampton, Berks, who died on Aug. 8 last, was proved on Nov. 1 by Mrs. Isabella Burn Blyth, the widow, Henry John Jourdain, and Henry David Anderson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £61,000. The testator bequeaths the silver plate belonging to the Burn family to his wife, for life, and then to his brother, Henry David Burn; the remainder of his plate, and all his jewellery, furniture, pictures, books (except two works specifically bequeathed), articles of domestic and personal use and ornament, horses and carriages, to his wife; £200 each to his executors, Mr. Jourdain and Mr. Anderson; £100 to Captain Thomas Rowe Harry; £100 each to four clerks in the employ of Blyth, Greene, Jourdain, and Co.; and £200 per annum to his brother, Henry David Burn, for life, and then to his widow, if any, for her life. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay, with the consent of his wife, some annuities to servants; and the remainder of the income to her, for life. At her death he gives £10,000 upon the trusts of the will of his late father-in-law, Mr. James Blyth; £100 each to the Royal Hospital at Reading, the Scottish Hospital in London, the Hospital for Consumption at Brompton, and the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum. The ultimate residue is to be held, upon trust, for his said brother, Henry David Burn, for life; then for his nephew, Charles William Burn, for life; and then for his said nephew's

The will (dated March 26, 1889) of Mr. Felix Knyvett, for many years secretary to the Archbishop of Canterbury, late of Ashwellthorpe, Watford, Herts, who died on Sept. 29 last, was proved on Oct. 23 by Felix Sumner Knyvett, the son, and Henry Torrington Chapple, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £42,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to children and other relatives and others. His freehold house at Ashwellthorpe, with the furniture and effects (excluding some articles specifically bequeathed), he leaves, upon trust, for his daughters, Emily Josephine and Cecilia Harriet, and the survivor of them while unmarried, and then, as to one half, upon trust, for each of his said



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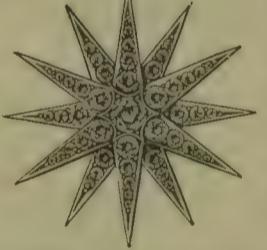
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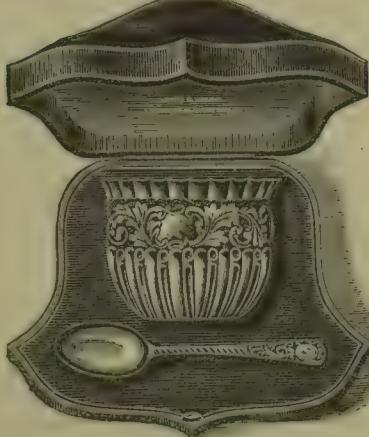
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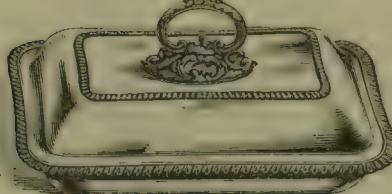
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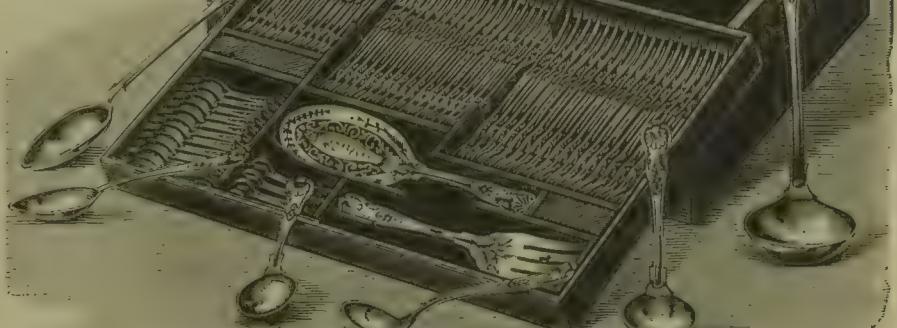
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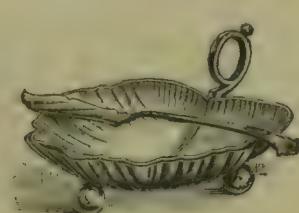
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daughters, in the same manner as her share of his residuary estate. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, as to three tenths for each of his said daughters for life, and then as she shall appoint; and as to four tenths, for his son, Felix Sumner.

The will (dated Jan. 2, 1890) of the Rev. Charles Bellairs, formerly of Goadby Rectory, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, and late of Grantham, Lincolnshire, who died on Sept. 9 last, was proved on Oct. 29 by the Hon. and Rev. John Marsham, Miss Ennis Graham Bellairs, the daughter, Thomas Harnett Harrison, and Frederick William Hunt, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £34,000. The testator gives all his jewellery, furniture, plate, pictures, books, articles of domestic use and ornament, wines and consumable stores, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Anna Maria Bellairs, for life; £3000, upon trust, for his grandchildren, Charles, Clifford, and Dorothy Bellairs; an annuity of £180 to his son the Rev. Frederick Walford Bellairs; all his real estate in the dominion of Canada to his son Theophilus Hamon Bellairs, for life, and then for his children; and other legacies to children, and to his executors and an old servant. The residue of his real and personal estate, including various properties he has power to appoint, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her death he bequeaths a further sum of £3000 to his said grandchildren; and the ultimate residue is to be divided between all his children (except his son Frederick Walford) in equal shares.

The will (dated March 22, 1888) of Captain Arthur Rodney Blane, R.N., late of Heggatt Hall, near Norwich, who died on Sept. 29 last, was proved on Oct. 28 by Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Arthur Blane, and William Charles Hallett, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. The testator bequeaths £500, his wines and consumable stores, and his horses and carriages, to his wife; his plate, pictures, and books to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his son who shall first attain twenty-five; his furniture and household effects to his wife, for life or widowhood; and £50 to each of his executors and to a trustee of his marriage settlement. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon various trusts, for the benefit of his wife and children.

The Irish probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated Nov. 9, 1886) of the Right Hon. John Naish, formerly Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Lord Justice of Appeal, late of 65, Mountjoy-square, Dublin, who died on Aug. 17 last, at Ems, Germany, to Mrs. Maud Naish, the widow, and sole executrix, was resealed in London on Oct. 23, the value of the personal

estate in England and Ireland amounting to £7899. The testator leaves and gives all the property of whatsoever kind he has power to dispose of at the time of his death to his wife, and appoints her guardian of his infant children.

Probate of the will of Mrs. Caroline Ann Goding, late of Wood Seats, Spring-road, Portswood, Southampton, has been granted to Mr. Henry Goding and Mr. William Spillman, the executors. After giving numerous pecuniary legacies to her relatives she gave the residue of her estate to her husband—the personality being sworn to be of the value of £14,915 16s. 7d.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

There is now a winter season in London, just as there is in Paris or New York. Probably the early sitting of Parliament this year has something to do with it; but, however that be, London is so full and busy now that, but for the weather, we might suppose ourselves approaching Easter. Dances and dinners are certainly more agreeable in the cool weather than in the tepid heats of June or the torrid atmospheres of July. It is Parliament that makes the London season proper occupy so large a portion of the sweetest time of the year. Perhaps Parliament is going to reform its ways. It cannot sit all the year round, and autumn Sessions can only be generally possible if the end of the preceding Session comes before August. But why should not this be?

Suppose the Session began always in November and ended in June, so that Londoners whose arrangements depend on its dates might go to the country for the fairest weather of the year—who would suffer? The old reason for the spring sitting of Parliament, which was that in autumn and winter all M.P.s want to hunt and shoot, can give way, as this autumn Session proves. Indeed, now that, in the first place, so many M.P.s are not county gentlemen, but men of business of some sort—and, in the second place, railways have made it easy to run down to the country for a day or two, and return—there can be no longer the necessity that there was under old conditions of sacrificing everything else to the county gentleman's sport. As Parliament has reformed its hours of sitting, why should it not also reform its times of year for meeting, and so let the dreary winter be spent in the enlivening society and artificial brightness of town, and the delicious lengthening days and the warm growing time of year in the country?

In capitals where there is no artificial reason for keeping the season late, this is what happens: the Paris, the Vienna, or the New York society world spends its winter in town, and in

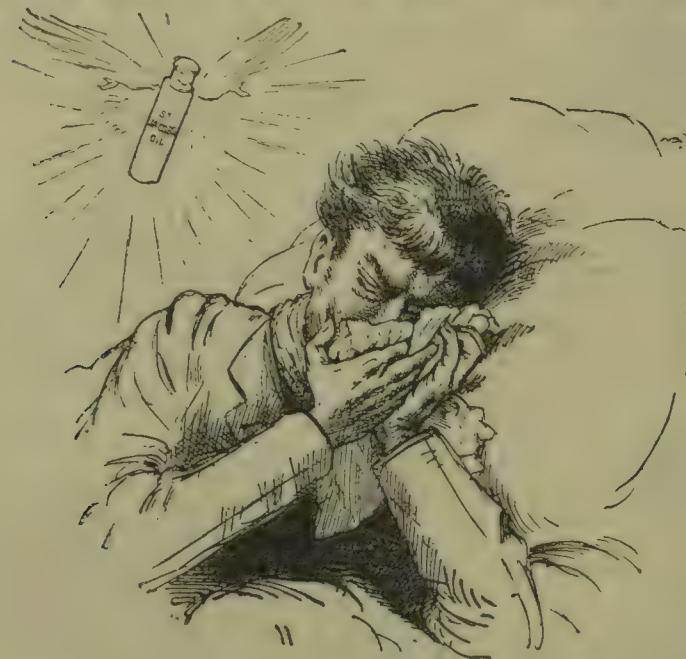
June turns to the pleasures of the country, which are then at their best. There is a distinct tendency visible towards a winter season in London. The idea that nobody should be seen in town between the middle of August and the middle of January is already a thing of the past. Fine Sundays in the Park for the last few weeks have shown a goodly muster of fashionable promenaders; and the best dress houses are already busy with party and dinner gowns.

For simple frocks, spotted nets and tulles over silk and satin are being chiefly made. A feature of these little dresses is the quantity of ribbon-velvet used on them for trimming. It is laid from waist to hem over the flimsy fabric, firmly caught down at the foot, sometimes ending in a rosette, sometimes only in a loop turned under. On the bodice the same velvet is applied in many ways—often in three bands sloping from the seam beneath the arm to the centre of the bodice, inclining towards the waist. Another point that is worth notice in even the plainest little frock for a girl is the use of transparent long sleeves with a low-cut bodice. This at once gives the invaluable look of being up to date that is of more consequence than richness of material or elaboration of style. Quite a young girl may prefer a puffed at the top of the arm only; but a sleeve, transparent but distinctly there, is really necessary for "Modernity."

For more elaborate dresses, the jewelled passementerie is greatly used. It is employed for edgings everywhere, for bands on the bodices, and especially for girdles, coming over the hips, and falling to the ground. In one gown, entirely of white crêpe de Chine, the bodice was made of puffs of the soft material, drawn through bands of gold embroidered with turquoise and rubies. There was a pleated frill of the crêpe at the top of the round, low-cut bodice, falling over to form a berthe; just beneath that, and close under the bust, was the first band of passementerie, going right round the figure; then came a puffing of the crêpe that looked as if it were just drawn up through the next band, which was about four inches lower down, at the waist itself; and then another puffing, ending under a girdle of the passementerie round the hips. There were long sleeves of similar puffings and bands; the skirt was full and plainly covered with the crêpe in accordéon pleatings.

In another dress there was a bodice and skirt of a pale yellow brocaded silk, with a panel of yellow jessamine down one side, edged with a passementerie of gold embroidered with turquoise. The low bodice had a long stiff stomacher of embroidery to match, and a berthe of flowers. Yet another gown was of pale heliotrope silk mixed with muslin de chiffon of a similar colour. There was a plain skirt of silk, trimmed with graduated bands of jewelled passementerie, mainly

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imitations of sapphires and amethysts, laid from the knee round to the back, at the right side; this trimming was shaded at its top by a drapery of pleats of the crêpe, shot on the right hip and gradually lengthening till it touched the hem at the left side. The bodice was plain, with a folded vest of crêpe barred across in three places with bands of passementerie: the full, high, long sleeves of silk were slashed widely open, and puffs of the crêpe drawn through, also barred over at near intervals with the gleaming jewel-bands.

It is to me a very interesting but rather droll circumstance that so many of the correspondents whom this column brings me are gentlemen. I do not object to it—on the contrary, I am highly flattered; but of one thing I think I may fairly complain. Though there is a very distinct sign at the head of the column, our superiors not only peruse it uninvited, but then complain that some of the subjects are not (to them) interesting. For instance, this week an otherwise delightful letter from "H. B." begins thus: "I have been a reader of your column for some years, and when you refer to ethics or principles I am generally much pleased with your remarks;

but I do not understand dress, for I am an old man." Now, if this were a solitary murmur of its kind, it would not matter; but as it so often reaches me—this pathetic and gentle grumble, from people who have no invitation to read this column at all, because it deals sometimes with subjects that do not interest them—I would point out to them that for them to suppose that it will always suit them is as though they went into a vegetarian restaurant to dinner, and then complained that they could not get a beef-steak. It is unreasonable!

Men take a very sufficient interest in their own costumes, however little they may care to read of female fashions. Indeed, looking back at the history of costume, one is inclined to suspect that the "self-denying ordinance" under which men of to-day live with regard to colours and costly fabrics had its origin in the same sort of inability to be moderate that the pledge of total abstinence from intoxicants implies. Men do dearly love dressing up when they can get a chance! How about Freemasonry? Would it last long, I should like to know, if the ridiculous toggery in which

serious middle-aged men "get up" at their lodges were abolished? Not it! Is not a Bishop careful of his vast lawn sleeves, and a Judge of his robes of scarlet? And has not Mr. Samuel Storey, M.P., just resigned his seat as an Alderman of Sunderland because of the decision of the members of that august body, the Sunderland Corporation, to buy robes for its Mayor and Aldermen? I do not agree with Mr. Storey. It is a harmless inducement to men to serve the public to allow them to dress up to do it; and at "functions" it is a great addition to the spectacular effect if official robes are worn. The Mayors of the provincial towns at her Majesty's Jubilee service, grouped as they were in the nave, made a charming item in the scheme of colour; and the Corporation of London in all its glory of "mazarine" bluish-violet is as attractive to the eye as a bed of auriculas, and a great benefit to the spectacle at such ceremonies as the conferring of the freedom of the City. But when the love of dress is so often displayed by the other sex in all these little naive ways, they ought to be gentle with us for our open unhypocritical confession of our liking for decoration. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



Every woman who has her own housework to do knows that washing day is the chief cause of the careworn look, broken health, and premature old age, noticeable in so many of her sex. Many a woman has to bend over a steaming wash-tub full of soiled clothes—to boil all the forenoon, and rub all the afternoon—and while still warm and perspiring from the hot filthy steam, run out into the cold—bare-headed and bare-armed—to hang up the clothes on a freezing line. This is done, not once, but week after week, and the wonder is how any woman lives through it—many don't! The sudden change, from the hot perspiring labour and wet steaming room inside to the cold air outside, produces the natural result: a cold, followed quickly by pneumonia or diphtheria, or some kindred disease, ending in the death of the poor victim. Friends call it a dispensation of Providence. What the woman really died of was poor soap, hard labour, and exposure. Health is a Preservation of Beauty, is a necessity to Happiness, and the lives of your children. Don't Grow Old Before Your Time. Washing under the most favourable circumstances is hard enough. No trouble should be spared in securing a soap which is pure, effective, and long-lasting. All these qualities will be found in the "Sunlight Soap," and by its use the wash—in comparison with the old way—is almost child's play. A girl twelve years old can do a larger wash in less time with "Sunlight Soap," than a strong woman can with an ordinary soap.

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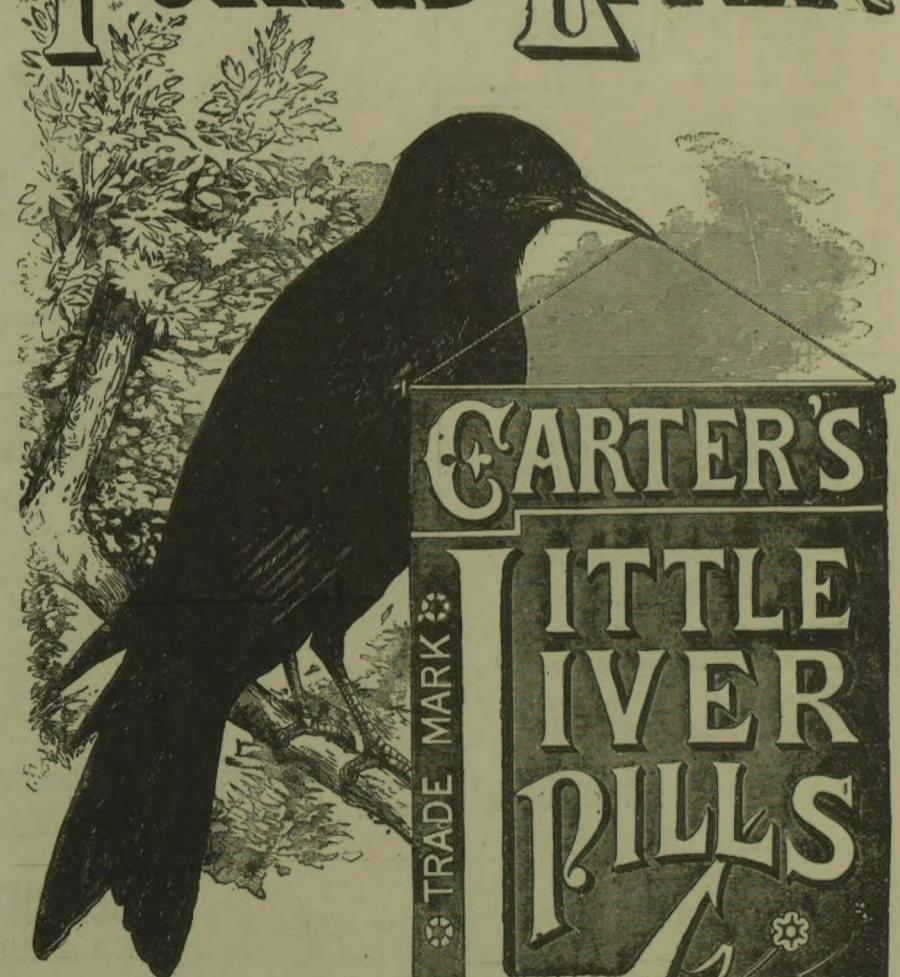
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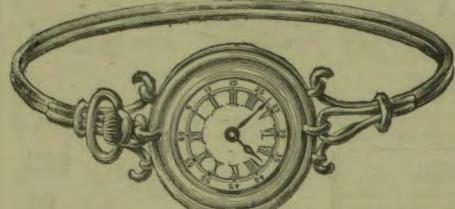
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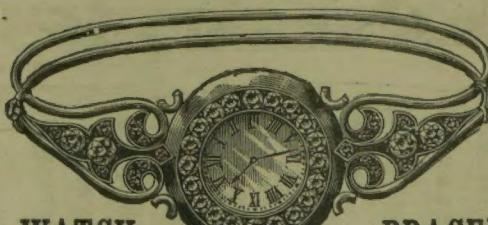


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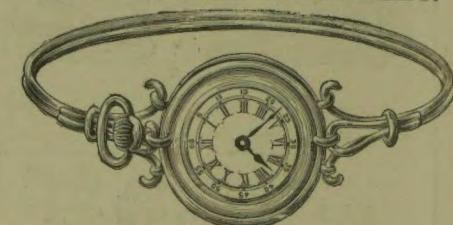
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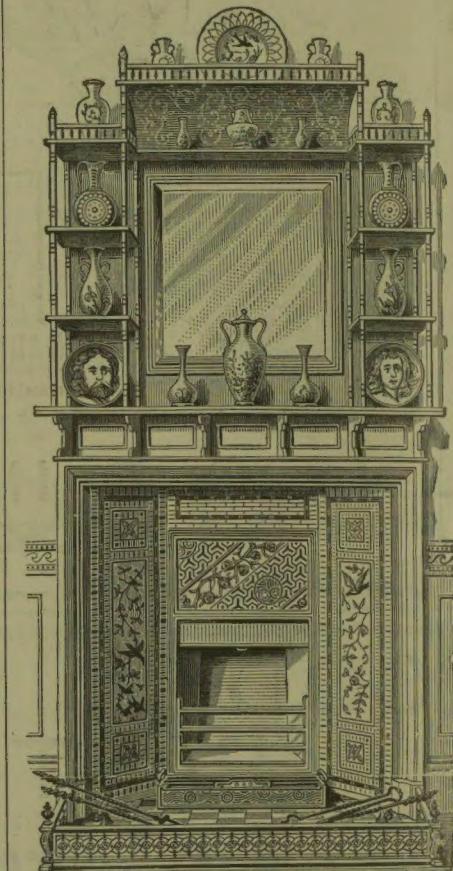
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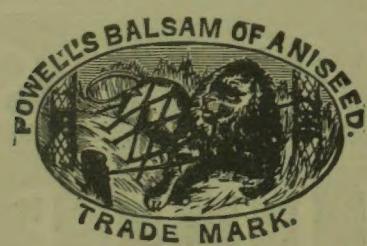
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